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Rene

Her First Dance

Skating's just a sit-down job for me

Points about a pillar-to-post pastime

By ANNE CARLISLE

When I see Sonja Henie drifting like swansdown or flashing like lightning across the ice, I'm sure I could do it. I imagine myself drifting and flashing...

But ice-skating is just a sit-down job for me.

THAT tune, "The Skaters' Waltz," ought to be rechristened "The Skaters' Faults."

Every time I hear it... Tra-la-la-la... coming at me from my radio I think sadly of what might have been... what really should be.

After all, you have to be brave to be a good skater. Two more bars from "The Skaters' Waltz" and I'm practically on the rink again. I'll show 'em!

The tune has given me plenty of



IT'S merely a matter of going from pillar to post when you're learning to skate.



Inspiration. I then provide the perspiration. I'm determined this time to skim gracefully over the ice in the sport that has been aptly described as the nearest thing to flying.

Then my feet play me a dirty trick... and I write myself off the proficiency list as a total loss. For the future I'll be an ice-sports spectator only, enjoying to the full that lovely swooping across the ice at thrilling m.p.h.

The effortless ease with which the three-star skaters weave their way through intricate dancing figures arouses my envy, but I'm keeping my feet off the ice.

I hate to do it, but I must write skating on the debit side of my "How-to-keep-fit-in-winter" ledger.

'Twas ever thus. Way back in childhood days in a small country town, there was a roller-skating rink, to which all the youngsters gravitated each Saturday morning.

Small boys tore around the floor, their stout boots clamped firmly to their skates, their piercing whistles adding capably to the general din.

THERE are plenty of spine-chilling moments when it comes to dancing on ice if you get off on the wrong foot for a quickstep.

My boots were good and tough, and I could whistle with the best of them, but who wants to whistle from a practically permanent position on the floor?

A futurist artist would have turned green with envy at the brilliant mixture of hues in the bruises that decorated parts of my anatomy.

No lover ever embraced his lady as enthusiastically as I grabbed the posts dotted around the room. Perfect strangers found themselves clutching round the neck if they came within my arm's length.

It took me three seasons to decide that roller skating was not for me.

Time marched on... Hollywood brought to my dazzled eyes its thrilling scenes of ice-skating. Ice rinks popped up all over the place.

Once again I was a trier. It's no good doing the thing by halves. I spent hours finding what the well-dressed girl skater should wear.

Complete with short skirt, cute little jumper, worked natty with edelweiss and gloves to match, I booked my first lesson.

For a suggestion of teeth chattering I valiantly blamed the cold. Skating tutors may be gifted with a special brand of patience. They need it.

My first, a former world champion, adjusted the skates on my feet, took a firm hold of my hands, and said, "Now, come on."

I came on with a rush that floored us both in ten seconds...

His face registered pained surprise... So did mine for a very good reason.

He then spent ten minutes explaining the technique. It didn't include the type which seems still exclusive to me. In skating, I'm all for the technique of wrestling.

I crept round the rink, holding tighter to him than a world champ, to his victim in a big bout.

Two rounds included a couple of knock-outs of innocent on-lookers and my

face was redder than my cute woollen jumper.

I pleaded for a rest, but my instructor grimly told me to keep right on, so as I'd gain more confidence.

I grew to hate that word. I had sixteen lessons that winter. My skirt quickly wore out. So did my gloves. When the season ended I was still the star of "Mugs' Alley."

If there's one place that I do regard as a "home from home," it's "Mugs' Alley."

Once you enter that stretch of doubly-railed ice a glorious sense of security comes over you.

No one is going to whizz past nonchalantly, and no willing but erratic young masculine skaters will suddenly appear, three or four abreast, to send you diving madly for shelter.

I used to go up and down "Mugs' Alley" for hours.

When the music would start I'd be waiting to make my careful entrance into the comfortably safe area, and if I helped to keep the handrails smooth my unofficial polishing was just a gift to the management.

But ambition still lived, and next winter I started off full of hope and free of bruises.

That was the winter I actually got to the stage of going around alone, disregarding mutters of "public menace" that so often reached my ears.

Visions of waltzing, or quick-stepping began to arise, but all attempts at them were unfortunate — to say the least.

That miserable word "Confidence" loomed larger on my horizon than ever.

A defeated instructor, finally asked me meaningfully:

"Have you ever played bridge? It's so restful."

Then I knew the worst. I could admire skating, but I could never aspire to being anything more than a thrilled onlooker.

And yet... The season is just beginning. It's two years since I had my skates on... I wonder...



SKATING makes you see the world from a new angle.

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



COLIN RICHARDSON
... eleven-year-old hero

IN English Honors List, among service and civilian heroes commended for bravery by order of the King, was included the name of Edward Colin Ryder Richardson, eleven-year-old hero of torpedoed City of Benares. He cheered and comforted women and children in the water-logged lifeboat while they waited amid icy seas for the rescue ship.



CORPORAL HEARN-AVIS
... Military Medal

DURING an enemy air attack, several heavy bombs fell alongside the building where Acting Corporal Joan Hearn-Avis was working alone controlling telephones. Despite the fact that every window was blown in and one of the main walls was badly cracked, she remained at her post in a building which threatened to collapse at any moment.

For this act of conspicuous bravery Corporal Hearn-Avis was awarded the Military Medal.



GENERAL F. A. MAGUIRE
... health of Army

RECENTLY appointed Director-General of Australian Army Medical Corps, with rank of Major-General, Dr. F. A. Maguire, distinguished Sydney surgeon, is responsible for the medical welfare of the Army in Australia.

Dr. Maguire also supervises the organisation and equipment of all medical units going overseas. Voluntary Aid Detachments are included in his command. As chairman of the V.A.D. Central Council he directs the appointment of Voluntary Aids to military hospitals.

Picture yourself in such a setting

Women who find such happiness do not belong to fiction only. Perfect romance is the natural right of every girl who learns how to fascinate and appear alluring — and who knows the appeal of a skin smooth as satin. In this, Erasmic Face Powder can help to make your own complexion soft and lovely as the heart of a flower. Closely and evenly it clings, hour after hour — its fragrance giving to the senses only so much as makes them long for more...

ERASMIC face powder
RACHEL: PEACH: BRUNETTE
SUNTAN AND NATURAL

They drifted quietly on — an answer of the brightly lit ban galore; and the sounds of gaiety — unaware of anything but each other and their newfound happiness.



Erasmic Cream (Vanishing & Cold) 1/1 tube

E.H.27

YONDER LIES CATHAY

Transformed with joy, she was living in a dream . . . little guessing what a cruel awakening had been planned for her.

By FLORENCE KERIGAN

BILL ADAMS realised even before Elise Costello spoke that something was wrong. The set of her slim young shoulders spelled arrogance, and there was a certain controlled, vibrant tenseness in her hands as they rested on the cloth.

Bill was at once interested and apprehensive. Assistant to Elise Costello, Hollywood dramatic agent, was not exactly the job he would have chosen, but it paid well, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that the girls and boys he had "discovered" and brought to Elise's attention were making good in several different studios.

Elise brought her smouldering eyes back to him, and he braced himself for the shock. "I'm going to get even with Fitch if it's the last thing I do!"

Bill was startled. Fitch had used several of their girls. He had always been pleasant and cordial. Bill liked him better than any of the film directors or producers he knew. There was something appealing about the way he peered at you through his thick-lensed spectacles, and they gave him a smile a winning quality.

"I thought you were good friends," Bill ventured. Evidently it was the wrong thing to say, for her smooth white jaw tightened.

"I'm going to make Fitch the laughing-stock of Hollywood," she said. "He broke his glasses this morning. You know what that means. He'll be going around without them until new ones come from New York. In the meantime he'll be practically blind. But he doesn't want people to know that, Bill. So we'll have to work fast. I'm going to get the funniest-looking girl I can find and foist her on him as the discovery of the age—now—before his new glasses arrive. He trusts our judgment, so it will be easy."

Bill gasped. "Count me out," he said firmly. "Fitch is a good scout, and a friend of mine. I wouldn't do that to the worst man in the business. Anywhere, where are you going to find this funny-looking person?"

"Look," said Elise, with a suppressed giggle. "Here she comes now. Did you ever see anyone so silly? The waitress!"

She was all of that—thin and angular, her eyes too large, her hair standing out at unexpected places. Her arms were too long, and her whole appearance was accentuated by a perky uniform de-

signed for some petite blonde with a normal figure. Even her walk had the elements of comedy.

When the girl had safely deposited their luncheon before them Elise said sweetly, "I've been watching you. How would you like to go into the movies?"

The waitress gave a sharp gasp. "Me? In the movies? That's what I came out here for! But I don't know a soul in pictures—and they tell me I'm not the type—and—"

Elise handed her a card. "See me at this address to-morrow morning at nine. This is Mr. William Adams, my assistant. I'm pretty sure we can place you."

"That's cruel," said Bill as they watched the girl move among the tables. It was too deep for Bill. But any girl in Hollywood could have told him that Elise was madly in love with Fitch. Not only that, but that she had rather obviously—to all but Bill's eyes—run after him. She had encouraged gossip in the newspaper columns, even given some of it herself in veiled language. And just that morning a New York girl had announced her engagement to Fitch.

Bill Adams groaned when he saw the new star sitting in the waiting-room the next morning. She looked even worse in her street clothes, although she was shabby and home-made, although Bill didn't know what was wrong with it, and her hat was perched on top of her badly-cut hair.

"Miss Costello will see you now," he said, and figuratively and literally squared his shoulders as he followed her into the little private office of the most powerful agent in Hollywood.

"A big producer is in need of a type just like you," Elise explained suavely. "What's your name?"

"Gertrude Grubenstein—I mean Derry Franchon."

Elise nodded. "Derry Franchon will do unless Mr. Fitch—"

Derry pounced on the name. "Mr. Fitch? Oh, Miss Costello! If he would just see me!"

"He'll see you," said Elise, and Bill thought he detected grimness in the tone. "Of course," went on Elise, "you'll need training. Had any dramatic experience at all?"

"In high school back in Michigan," explained Derry. "And then I went on the movie stage at Four Corners on amateur night. They seemed to like me."

Elise waved her hand. "That is not so important as some other things. You need to learn to walk correctly, how to carry your hands and how to be at ease at all times. Mr. Adams will give you that instruction."

Bill gave a yelp of protest, but Elise went right on. "I shall see to the more personal things such as the right clothes, the way to put on your make-up, your hair, and so on. At our expense, of course. You may go now, Mr. Adams. We have a lot to do to this little lady."

She pretended not to see Bill's scowl. "You know, the last time Fitch broke his glasses it was almost a week before new lenses came from New York; he won't buy them here. That means that we have only a few days to put it over," Elise told Bill Adams later. "You're taking Derry to lunch from the hair-dresser's. Take her to a small place out in the country where you won't be seen. I want her half polished—you know what I mean—smoothed over so that a half-blind man won't notice, but rough enough so that everyone else will be in the know immediately."

"I get it," said Bill. He met Derry at the beauty parlor. With a well-fitted suit, a becoming hat, and a hair-do that changed her looks completely, Derry was a different person. They went to a small restaurant. Derry's grey eyes were disturbing. There was something in them that made

him look at her again. "Tell me about it," she said, and her voice was low and sweet. "I mean about the whole Hollywood business. How you choose stars, how you make them—what Miss Costello saw in me to give me the chance."

"You looked different from the general run of stage-struck girls," he said, and heaven knew that was true!

"I'm not stage-struck, you see," she corrected him gently. "I can really act. These clothes make me different from the girl I was yesterday or even this morning. I'm playing a part."

He looked at her sharply. "Don't hunch your shoulders that way. Keep your elbows in, and don't call attention to your hands," he said suddenly. "I'm sorry, but that's what Miss Costello told me to do."

"I know," she smiled, with quivering lips. "It's just that—well, after all, why shouldn't I have big hands and feet? I'm more than average height. Why do all girls have to be the same size? Why did I even have to have my hair thinned out and my eyebrows plucked? Aren't any girls natural in Hollywood?"

"Sure," grinned Bill. "What have you to offer Hollywood that's natural?"

"Plenty," said Derry, and when she smiled an unexpected dimple appeared near her chin. "Right now I have a natural and perfectly enormous appetite. Let them thin that out!"

"They will, if you start to put on weight," Bill warned her.

She ate a few mouthfuls slowly and then looked at Bill. "You don't think I'm much, do you?" she asked. "I know I'm much, do you?" "Miss Costello sees—"

"—she went on—"Miss Costello sees something in me that you don't, and you're worried because you're afraid she'll let Mr. Fitch down. Aren't you?"

"That's fairly close to it," he admitted.

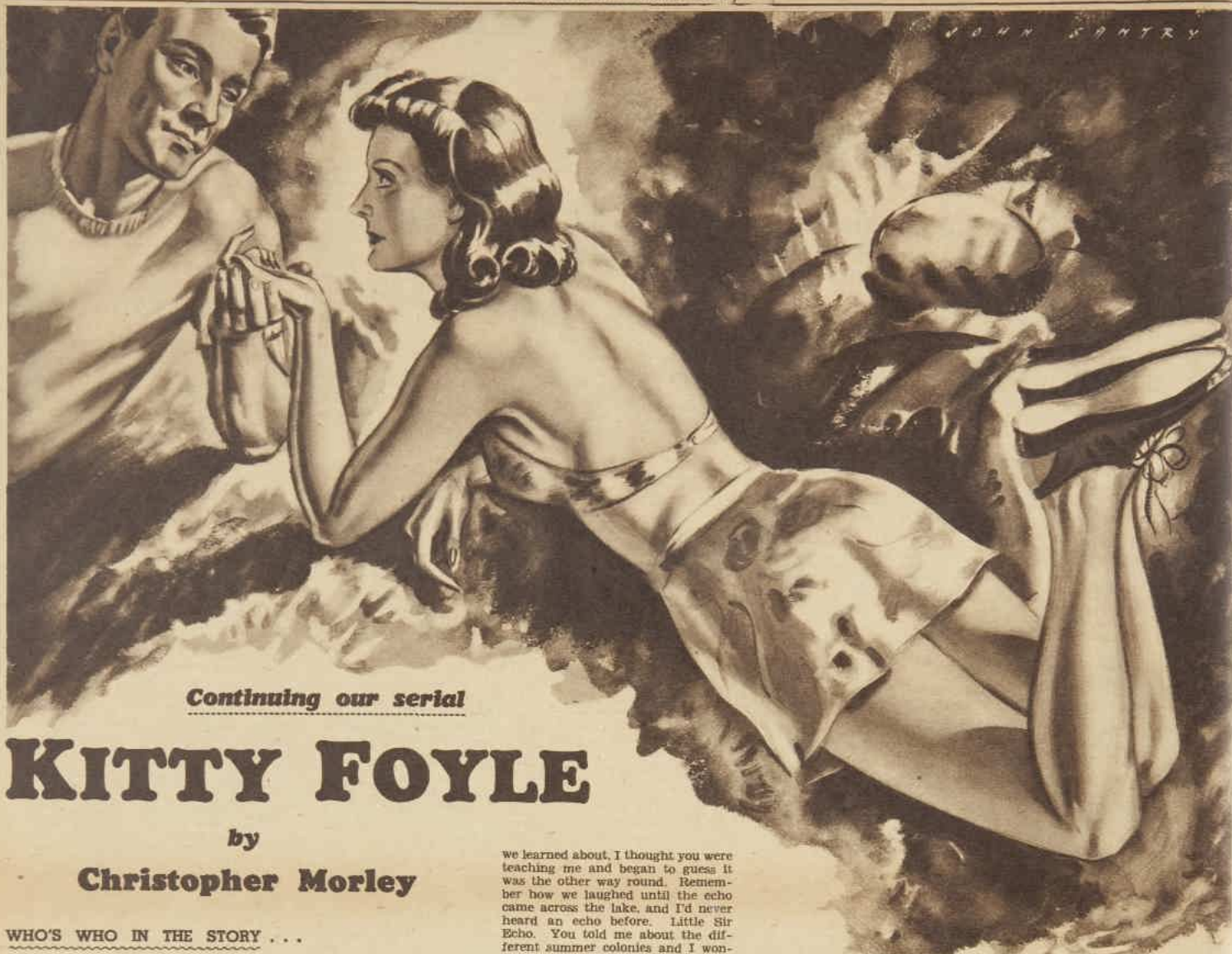
She sighed. "I can't believe it. It's like a fairy story. Yesterday I was a waitress—scolded for my clumsiness—to-day you and I. Look. We're in a restaurant in Naples, with the bay outside, only we can't see it for that awn- ing, and the piles of oranges and olives and bananas drenched in Italian sunshine!"

"Ever been to Naples?" he asked abruptly.

"No. I've never even seen the sea." Her laugh ended in a chuckle. "What? I'm taking you to the shore this afternoon!"

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Continuing our serial

KITTY FOYLE

by

Christopher Morley

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY . . .

• **KITTY** herself. She tells of her life from early childhood when she kept house in their humble Philadelphia home for POP, her adored father, and MAC, her brother, with the help of MYRTLE, the faithful colored servant. Later she goes to Illinois, to stay with

UNCLE ELMER and **AUNT HATTIE**. They send her to High School, where she forms a lifelong friendship with

MOLLY SCHARF, and the two girls are about to enter college when news comes that Pop has had a stroke. Hurrying back home to him, Kitty makes friends on the train with

DELPHINE DETAILLE, clever French beauty expert. On arrival home she gives up all thought of going to college, but instead stays to look after Pop and trains at a business college. It is then that she meets

WYNNEWOOD STRAFFORD ("Wyn"), son and heir of one of Philadelphia's most exclusive families, and the two fall deeply in love. Wyn endeavors to launch a new magazine, with Kitty as his secretary, but it fails hopelessly—after which he asks Kitty to go with him to Pocono.

Now read on—

WYN, is it all right to think back about Pocono? You don't need to. I expect they keep you busy, you've got too much sense to think back about things. The Main Line's too social.

You don't have those long pink summer sunsets out at Darby Mill; the big trees darken them off maybe. But summer evenings when K.F. works late at Delphine's office and looks over all those midtown terraces and penthouses and the whole town brightened up with a touch of sunset cosmetic and a little flicker of pink light on some man's shirt-front if it's been laundered just a smitch too shiny.

There's a roof of some hotel I can see right from my office desk. The women come out on the terrace and I can see them pause just an instant in the doorway to feel beautiful and sure and to know the dress will float just right as they step off. Their escorts, just like it might be you behind me, following politely right after. You wouldn't be wearing a dentistry coat and a cummerbund, though, and looking like something in cafe society.

Did you make a snob out of me, boy! I could wring Mark Eisen's neck when I see his clothes, poor sweetheart; and how hard he tries. Always too nifty, always too shiny like cellophane, that's them.

Something certainly was working for us, that warm spell in November. Things always broke funny, somehow. Remember, it was the first time I ever saw mountains. It's all right for me to think back about Pocono because I'll never see it again as long as I live. I wouldn't see it on a bet, it would hurt too deep. But you will; you'll fish there week-ends and go on up there whenever you feel like it and only once in a while a little funny sharpness in the back of your memory, like putting your tongue in a sore tooth.

I was so excited when we got as far as Manunkachunk in the car: Pop used to tell about how he and Mother had a visit there once but I always thought it was a word he made up or a kind of an oath. You said I hadn't seen anything yet; and I hadn't. It was always something more I just must see. I didn't know the world was like that. How would I get to know the world's like that?

And that other world of ourselves

we learned about, I thought you were teaching me and began to guess it was the other way round. Remember how we laughed until the echo came across the lake, and I'd never heard an echo before. Little Sir Echo. You told me about the different summer colonies and I wondered what started all the Quakers up that way. "It was a profitable route for getting coal down to the Delaware River," you said. And you said "It would spoil this country for a lot of nice old Quakers if they knew what a good time we're having up here."

It was more than a good time. It was goodness itself. I must have been a dumb little thing but I was learning how people need each other and how a woman needs a man to make her complete. Maybe it's a mistake to learn things you can do so little about.

After bathing, Wyn and I lay in the sun, talking all sorts of delightful nonsense, down near the edge of the water. The autumn leaves blew out over the pond and the air had a sting to it as soon as the sun got low. Wyn said the Pocono country was a great place for snakebite, we better keep a flask handy. That's the way I remember prohibition, the whiskey was always warm from being carried on someone's hip. But we didn't drink much, not after that miserable time you took me to Harrisburg.

"I wouldn't go to that town again," Wyn said, "not if they made me Governor of the State. I was so plastered that night that I didn't even see what you looked like. You look lovely."

Like that touch of chill in the air, remembering the misery made being happy all the sweeter. It's good to remember us talking, we were simple and sweet. We went out in a canoe and he called me The Lady of the Lake.

"That's funny you should say that, it's my favorite poem, I was just thinking of it."

"We're funny people. We just click, don't we. I'll be your stag at eve."

"We had a parody of it at school, we used to say:

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill Where danced the moon on Monan's rill, And brushed his teeth and combed his hair And took a whiff of the mountain air."

"Hold steady now, I'm going to

After bathing, Wyn and I lay in the sun, talking all sorts of delightful nonsense.

dive overboard. See how nicely I can do it, won't even splash you."

"But, Wyn, how will you get back?"

"I won't. I'll tow you in."

"Let me swim in, too."

"It's too far for you. The water's cold."

It makes me feel clean just to think about it. His lips were awfully cold after swimming, so he built a big fire in the cabin for us to sit by.

"When did you first think about me?"

"You know perfectly well."

"Tell me again."

"It was a fine day in the spring of 1912 and Mr. Wynnewood Strafford was talking with Mr. Thomas Poyle about cricket. And a girl with dark hair came in and brought some iced tea and I liked the look of her."

"What did you like about me?"

"I won't tell you. I don't want to embarrass you."

"I like to be embarrassed. It's good for my pure and eloquent blood."

"And the story ends," he said. "Mr. Strafford made up his mind he'd never marry a woman unless she looked like you."

"But, Wyn, that's not enough reason."

AS good almost as mountains and waterfalls and the canoe and the firelight on the cabin rafters was Wyn remembering to bring along a whole case of fizzy drinks for me because he knew I didn't care much for liquor. I tried to keep him company with drinks, but it only made me drowsy. How wonderful it was drowsy in front of the fire, your body singing with exercise and cold mountain water, and watching the light on Wyn's face while he was reading me a little book of poems he'd brought along. It's funny how you can't listen with your eyelids closed. I tried hard, it won't work.

Being in love makes a woman feel quiet and a man feel talkative. Wyn was quite indignant when I said he had drugged me with love so he could make speeches at me. He was wonderful, when he got excited he walked up and down. He talked about the magazine, and how it might have been a chance to escape the banking business.

He said his family had lived in Philly for seven generations. "What a humiliation! Think of it, Kitty, people that in seven lifetimes didn't have gumption enough to pick up their skirts and move on. Just because they were born with a silver spoon in their mouths; or in their heads."

"Your old man is worth any three of us. The original Strafford, over in England, was beheaded, and they haven't had a head in the family since."

We were there three days and three nights. I had a kind of pain in my mind once in a while when I thought I had told a lie to Pop and Myrtle, but if you're going to live your own life without hurting other people too much you've got to lie sometimes. We used to drive to the village every day to phone and see if everything was all right at home, and get milk and ice. I was crazy to learn to drive and Wyn gave me some lessons. It was lucky I did, because the third night he was taken sick and had terrible cramps. I was scared to death and said I would drive to town myself and get the doctor, though I don't believe I could ever have found the way through those lanes and woods, and only half able to drive.

I rolled a blanket round him and was able to get him into the car. He was in bad pain but he had just enough sense to tell me what turns to make, and somehow I drove to town. One wheel went over a sandy edge on a steep cliff, and I thought we were licked, but we pulled through.

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Two clever agents
try a daring plan.

ONE LITTLE SLIP

Secret Service
Story

by

William C.
White

THOSE who were in the British Passport Office in Constantinople in 1919 will remember the young half-Irish, half-Russian woman who was married to one of the officers. They may remember her strange name, Nalya O'Coign.

No one will be able to tell you much about her, for she never spoke of herself or of her thoughts. Her husband was Captain Macroner, a Passport Officer.

The activities of the Passport Office itself were something of a mystery. "Checking citizenship and issuing passports," its officers said. But a surprising lot of people in it were connected with British Intelligence: a Passport Office makes as good a blind as any.

They are out of the Intelligence Service to-day; one is in South Africa, another in Hollywood, a third in Edinburgh. Yet in 1919 most of them were expert Intelligence agents, many of them specialists in the language and the peculiarities of one people or another.

There was Nalya O'Coign, whose Irish brogue was as fine as you'd hear on a Dublin stage; yet, because she was born in Russia of Irish parents, she knew Russian and Russian as if she came from a family of boyars.

In 1919 the Passport Office wanted to know something first hand about Russian conditions, and particularly of Kolchak's situation in Siberia, six thousand miles away. Six lines of troops were between him and

Constantinople. Nalya went through those lines, not merely once but once again on the return journey.

She came back, her black hair slightly grey, her face a little marked, a little older. At least, she could settle down now with her husband in some quiet Irish town. She came back to find that he had been killed while on some Intelligence mission in Syria. "Something went wrong," they told her. "He probably made some small slip."

She resigned from the Intelligence Service at once. Other assignments were offered. She turned them down. Pressure of a mild sort was put on her. She resisted it. "I am finished with Intelligence for ever," she said firmly. "That's all, gentlemen!"

On a rainy Sunday afternoon in the spring of 1939 Fraulein Henriette Myer, the teacher of German at a private school in the suburbs of Paris, was giving a tea. She was a woman of fifty, sharp-faced and mannish, just completing her first year on the faculty. The living-room of her old-fashioned apartment was well filled with people, all talking at once, all crowding round a table spread with food. At one end of the table an old woman in black lace hovered over a coffee urn like a sitting hen.

A woman of forty entered the room, a woman with lovely black hair, slightly greyed, with a face that showed patience and a kind of wistful wishing.

"Miss O'Coign!" Henriette went to her. "I am so glad you could come. Here, you must meet my mother."

She introduced her to the old lady. "This is Mother! Everybody calls her Mutzi!"

"Ja," the old woman smiled. "Everybody calls me Mutzi!"

"Miss O'Coign teaches English at the school, Mutzi!"

Nalya was shy and uneasy among strange people.

A few guests were faculty members, but most of them were from the German colony in Paris. She stood by the table, ill at ease, for a little while, then joined the group of teachers who were talking shop, telling herself that she had known the afternoon would be like this, everybody talking at once, everybody very gay and social, the better to hide the certainty of boredom. But even this was better than a lonely flat.

Two men came into the room and Henriette welcomed them. One of them was a stranger to her. A moment later she was introducing him.

"This is Herr Doctor Bergner," she said. "Herr Doctor Bergner is a journalist, the Paris correspondent of a Berlin newspaper. Nicht wahr?"

Bergner was a fair-haired man, forty-five, tall and attractive. At first glance he showed the completely stiff self-confidence of a completely competent man. He acknowledged introductions in a soft musical German, then stood at ease, nearby. A close-cropped haircut, a slight heaviness in his features, his Berlin-cut clothes—Nalya would not have mistaken his nationality anywhere.

Two men next to her were talking loudly. "I tell you, the mosque of Sultan Bayezid is in Constantinople. I am sure of it." The other man disagreed.

Nalya listened to them. This was the first mention of that city that she had heard for a long time. She had forgotten much and could not help in the argument.

"Excuse me!" Bergner stepped up to them. "That mosque is there. I once spent some time in that city."

It may have been what he said, it may have been the angle at which he was standing or the profile that Nalya saw, which would change less than a full-face view. More probably, she told herself, it might be imagination that this man could be any person other than the German he obviously was, the correspondent he was supposed to be. She glanced at him again, and he noticed it. If he saw anything unusual in her face, he did not show it. Then she turned to speak to someone next to her, reminding herself that if Bergner were someone else but preferred to be Bergner that was his affair.

Then he spoke to her. "You also teach in the school with Fraulein Myer?" he asked. His English had a heavy German accent.

"I teach English." She wondered why he had singled her out.

"My English could benefit from some lessons," he said clumsily.

Everything about him convinced her that she was wrong. A man could not change so completely in every mannerism, gesture, tone of voice. There was one simple test. Impulsively she said, "You have changed, Captain Apling."

He leaned forward slightly as if hard of hearing and asked, "I beg pardon? My English is not so good!"

She realised at once how ridiculous her impulse had been, and she was angry at herself. A moment later Bergner walked away and she was glad. As quickly as she could, she said good-bye to Fraulein Myer, and left. She knew, if no one else did, how much of a fool she had made of herself.

Yet that curiosity about Bergner stayed with her as she walked home. Bergner did look like a Captain Apling who had also spent that year in Constantinople, twenty years ago. A good friend of her husband, he came to their house frequently. And he was an officer in the British Intelligence Service.

Her flat was dark and cold. She set about getting some supper, then

decided that her appetite was not worth the trouble and she came back to the living-room to sit at the window and looked out on the darkened street.

Outside was the first promise of spring and a slight drizzle that would softly awaken the earth, silently bringing back things thought forgotten. Usually she could hold back any depressing mood of loneliness, but not now.

Fifteen years of teaching school, with nothing to look forward to but new classes each autumn. Memories, twenty years old, now stirred up afresh, made life so barren. She thought of Apling again, although she had little to remember him by. He used to be frequently at their home. He was skilful, and her husband always liked him.

What his speciality was she could not recall. She had never heard of him after she left Constantinople.

A sound disturbed her and she was startled, as if afraid that someone outside had read her thoughts.

She listened carefully. Someone was knocking at her door. She went to it nervously and saw Herr Doctor Bergner.

He was smiling at her. "You give English lessons?" he asked in perfect English.

"Michael Apling! I knew it!"

"Of course, I came as quickly as I could."

"How did you know where I lived?"

He laughed nervously. "I rang up your school and told them I was a parent whose child wanted to know about homework. They gave me

your address. I had to see you."

"To-day when I recognised you—" she began. She could see heavy strain on his face, in the nervousness of every gesture.

"I had to pretend to-day," he told her. "I was thankful that no one overheard you."

That remark, the worry in his face, the way he fumbled for a cigarette, assured her that she knew what he was doing in Paris. Still in Intelligence!

"I am really so glad to stop being Bergner for a little while."

She smiled. "I promise you I shall ask no questions."

"I suppose that is probably best," he agreed.

It was not only memories suddenly come back, like something restarted by spring rain, that made Nalya feel that someone had come close to her. It was the change in the man. She could not remember him like this, so obviously in need of someone.

He talked about her husband, about Constantinople, for a little while. Then he jumped from his chair. "Do you know what I should like? It's raining outside, but supposing we go out."

Nalya agreed. "Where?"

Please turn
to page 8



"I think mademoiselle will have sense enough to tell us who it was," said Schmidt menacingly.



Illustrated
by
JOHN MILLS

THE Silver Pathway

"I've been a prisoner and escaped," David gasped.

ful and exotic, and laces and embroideries that became increasingly rare, since young Norman girls had other ideas of enjoyment now and certainly did not find it by sitting in their doorways weaving bobbins in and out of a miraculous web of cotton.

The hotels did not worry Mere Piguet. She had no reason to fear any rivals; the Grand Hotel was firmly established and never for one moment did she relax her vigilance over it. Her bureau was in the hall; from here she allotted bedrooms, drew up menus, harried the servants, from here she made her constant visits to the kitchen, the dining-room, the verandah and the lounges; from here she instituted her terrifyingly thorough inspections of linen cupboards and bathrooms and larders and storerooms.

What is more, she whisked about on her endless preoccupations all day and most of the night, little, determined Mere Piguet, with her immense capacity for hard work, her courage and her unswerving standards.

Work—she shrugged her shoulders

mother's eye, who grew up into a lovely young woman almost overnight, to the grief of Mere Piguet, who would have liked to keep her always a child, always hers. For there was no doubt that Lisette would marry, young men clustered round her, and she was gay with them all, gay and teasing and untouched. Still quite untouched, Mere Piguet insisted, with a little catch of the breath. She had had a week's anxiety last summer, oh, but it was nothing.

Three young Englishmen had come to the Grand Hotel. Not many English people came to Neuville, but these arrived on a walking tour and said that they wanted rooms for a night or two. Their stay lengthened out into ten days.

It was David's doing. David's and Lisette's. Lisette had walked through the hall while they had been discussing accommodation, the other two young men were giving their minds to it, David wasn't, he was looking about him, his quick eyes sizing up the hotel, Mere Piguet, and the glimpse of Neuville which he had through the revolving door.

Then Lisette walked through the hall and his expression changed at once. Mere Piguet noticed it, there was very little that escaped her, and she knew, too, that David in that moment made up his mind to stay longer than the allotted two days, whether his companions wanted to or not. They all stayed in the end.

Mere Piguet, imprisoned in her bureau by the busiest season of the year, watched the progress of events with an increasing dismay. Never, never had she imagined anything like this. In her worst moments she had pictured the possibility of Lisette marrying someone who lived within ten miles or so of Neuville, she could not contemplate her going farther away than that.

There were plenty of eligible young men in Neuville, Lisette would marry one of them, and in the fullness of time she would take over the Grand Hotel, which was a property not to be sneezed at, and Mere Piguet would retire, and have a few years of peaceful tran-

quillity, enjoying the companionship of her beloved Lisette and of possible great-grandchildren.

Nothing must be allowed to spoil this plan, for it was all that Mere Piguet held to in life. Because David threatened it she set a stern face against him. She would not respond to Lisette's tentative praises of him, she criticised him when she could, she refused to admit his charm.

Summer sunshine is exhilarating, but moonlight sparkling on a warm dark sea is a still more dangerous elixir. David and Lisette tasted it that week, while Mere Piguet watched them with a despairing impotence. She would invent all kinds of little jobs for Lisette, but it was no use, she would get them done or evade them, and Mere Piguet would see her slip out, thinking herself unobserved, to join David on the beach.

It was deserted at that hour, behind them streamed the lights of the casino, and the music of the band came to them faintly above the lapping of the sea.

The moon drew a great path of silver across it, a path, said David, that led to England. England, he told Lisette, was not very far away, and it was very like the Normandy she knew and loved, the same white-washed, thatched cottages, the same deep orchards, the same winding, quiet roads sunk between hedge-rows.

The ten days came to an end. Mere Piguet had made up her mind to tell the three Englishmen that their rooms were needed, but she did not have to, they went away, their rucksacks on their backs, and Lisette was not even in the hall to say good-bye to them.

She was peaked and pale for a while after that and could not conceal her eager concern over the daily posts. Nor could she conceal from her grandmother the succession of big square envelopes that came for her. But so soon all such preoccupations were swallowed up in much graver events.

War came again, for the third time in Mere Piguet's life. It was such a lovely season of the year, too, it seemed to make it worse.

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THREE times Mere Piguet had seen the enemy march into her country.

She had been a little girl in 1870. She could just remember that morning when the sound of tramping feet had come through the village and her brother calling "Soldiers!" had caught her hand and run with her to the gate.

She had been too small to see over the gate; so Pierre had lifted her up and a German soldier, laughing, casual, had levelled his rifle at them and fired. The shot had missed.

Mere Piguet, recounting the story now, would shrug and say, "Perhaps he never meant to hit us, just to give us a fright." She would smile reminiscently and add, "That he did, most certainly."

The soldiers had passed through the village and the children, playing in the garden, had heard of war and rumors of war, but it had all meant very little to them. They were untouched by it.

But 1914 was a different matter. In that year Mere Piguet was married, her husband was still of military age, her two sons had just reached it. She lived now in Normandy. She had married well, for George Piguet owned the Grand Hotel in the little sea-coast town of Neuville. Not a very grand Grand Hotel, perhaps, but then, Neuville was not a very grand place.

They did well in the summer, George Piguet and his wife. They deserved to, for they worked hard, and, every year, good bourgeois French families returned faithfully to them for their fortnight's annual holiday.

The year 1914 saw an end of holidays, saw an end of so much that life could never again be the same for Mere Piguet and for thousands of women like her. George Piguet

was killed on the Marne and Jacques, his elder son, died from wounds he had received at Ypres. William came back to Neuville in 1918, a changed William, morose, sullen.

Somehow Mere Piguet had battled through those years. Now that peace had come people would be eager to return to a normal way of life again. Mere Piguet prepared for them. She had the Grand Hotel painted and new striped awnings put up over the windows and the flower-boxes filled with sturdy geraniums.

The Grand Hotel was hers now, she was responsible for it and must work for it. It wasn't going to be easy to make a living these days, and from what she could see of it William wasn't going to be much help to her. He was settling down into the role of an invalid.

Many of the families who had come to the Grand Hotel before the war came no longer. They had been scattered and broken up, and some did not want to revive memories. But others came. Every summer the trains to Neuville were comfortably crowded and the beach was dotted over with happy family groups.

As time went on and new standards were accepted, Neuville tried to ape its more fashionable neighbors up and down the Normandy and Brittany coast. A casino was built. It had rounded cupolas and a terrace over the sea and at night it broke into a blaze of light shed by half a dozen enormous crystal chandeliers. The croupiers in their dinner jackets were considered very elegant in Neuville.

Other hotels were opened in Neuville, together with cafes, and shops filled with souvenirs, and beach clothes that grew increasingly color-

ful and exotic, and laces and embroideries that became increasingly rare, since young Norman girls had other ideas of enjoyment now and certainly did not find it by sitting in their doorways weaving bobbins in and out of a miraculous web of cotton.

By Shirley Darbyshire

—she did not mind that, most people had that, she was lucky, for she had pleasure as well, a deep and abiding pleasure, and curiously enough it had been provided for her by William, who had been in all other respects an unsatisfactory son. But he had done one supremely right thing in his life. He had married and had a daughter.

Mere Piguet had never thought much of his wife, a poor creature, she considered her. When William died she made a great show of grief but that did not prevent her from soon returning to her home near Marseilles, where she eventually remarried.

Mere Piguet did not mind, for she left behind her Lisette—Lisette, who became the apple of her grand-

How I met the Sultan of Johore



AT THE SWIMMING PARTY given by the Sultan of Johore. The Sultan and his wife, Lady Ibrahim, with Mr. F. M. Still (left), who is honorary secretary of the Royal Johore International Club.

"Can you come to buffet and night swimming party?" was his informal telephone invitation

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH, our representative on tour of Malaya.

I have had lunch with a Sultan and afterwards joined a night swimming party at his luxurious electrically-lit pool, talked with his wife, and strolled through a palace full of fabulous treasures.

To make this Arabian Nights story come true I didn't even have to send a courier with a heavily-sealed letter—the Sultan just telephoned me at Raffles Hotel, Singapore.

A DEEP voice in slightly hesitant English said: "The Sultan of Johore speaking." I nearly dropped the telephone in astonishment.

I had written to His Highness' private secretary, asking for an interview, and although I had heard of the Sultan's hospitality to the A.I.F. I did not expect this informality from the ruler of Johore.

"Can you come to a buffet and swimming party at my new palace on Monday night? Bring your bathing suit and steal a bath-towel from the hotel," he said.

For the swimming party Bill Brindle and I drove out through dimly-lit villages on the main high-road to the north.

A long road wound uphill to twin stone towers with wrought-iron gates. In the darkness the gateway to the Sultan's palace looked like an English castle.

Guards with fixed bayonets were on duty at the gates.

At the end of the long drive the swimming pool made a blaze of light below the shadowy bulk of the palace.

The pool is built on Californian lines, with a two-storied building containing luxurious dressing-rooms and a wide pavilion at one end, and a row of fountains playing into the pool at the other.

The Sultan and his wife received us at the head of the stairs. Sir Ibrahim is tall and distinguished with fine dark eyes and greying hair. He looks younger than his 68 years.

Lady Ibrahim, the beautiful twenty-five-year-old Rumanian girl whom he met in an air-raid shelter in London and married a few days later, has wavy light brown hair, big blue eyes, and a lovely creamy complexion.

When all the guests had arrived the Sultan's party looked like a Hollywood color photograph in The Australian Women's Weekly.

For background there was the red-tiled floor, brightly-flowered linen cushions on long cane lounges, crested silver and glass placed on two long tables amongst masses of orchids and gardenias, hydrangeas and begonias basked in shallow window-boxes, and the pool in the background clear and green with its under-water lighting.

The Sultan, in maroon trunks, with tattoos decorating his bare

arms, was accorded the royal prerogative of entering the swimming-pool before his guests, but shortly afterwards took several of them by surprise and pushed them into the water.

Lady Ibrahim came out in red bathers and was followed ceremoniously by her pretty little maid bearing wrap and towel, but between swims the Sultan's wife tap-danced for us. She is an enthusiastic amateur in this form of dancing.

Chinese waiters served drinks—everything from soft drinks to mint juleps and rare liqueurs—behind the long bar.

The Sultan wore white shorts and a maroon blazer with a gilt crest on the pocket, his wife a beautifully cut pink silk sports frock with red leather sandals and a rope of dazzlingly bright precious stones from Colombo.

An American girl in forest-green slacksuit; a lovely blonde American dancer in all-white; her Irish engineer husband in white slacks, blue-and-white shirt, yellow scarf; the Italian wife of a French Count in turquoise-blue slacks; the handsome English wife of the Malay Prime Minister, Mr. Aziz, in yellow silk; an American journalist's wife in Roman stripes; Mrs. S. Q. Wong in

Lady Ibrahim's war romance

LADY IBRAHIM told Adele Shelton Smith how she met the Sultan. She was standing at Grosvenor House on Red Cross Day selling badges, and at dinner time went to the grill-room, which was used as an air-raid shelter, and asked the Sultan's party to buy badges. She talked to the Sultan, who admired her.

Four days later they were engaged and six days later they were married.

Her name was formerly Marcelle Mendi, and her father is related to the husband of the famous American, Lady Mendi, friend of the Duchess of Kent.



BUFFET DINNER before the Sultan's party was held in the pavilion adjoining the swimming-pool. The Sultan and his wife are at the right, and next to them is Adele Shelton Smith, of The Australian Women's Weekly.

navy-and-white spotted Chinese dress; and sitting quietly in a corner but observing alertly the Sultan's sister, the Tunku Ampuan, in her plain Malay dress of dark brown tunic and straight skirt, with her grey hair dragged up severely in a nob on top of her head, made up a dazzling picture.

The Sultan lifted up the tablecloth and showed me the magnificent tables. Their carved legs were about one foot in diameter.

"I found these in the kitchen, and told the architect they were too good to stay there and made him put them here," he told me.

He has brought to his new palace all the souvenirs he has collected on his travels. He produced one of them out of his pocket with a flourish—a gold penknife inscribed "To a good fellow, 1903, Melbourne, Australia."

Studied Malay

THOUGH she looks so young, Lady Ibrahim takes her duties as the Sultan's consort very seriously.

"My husband laughed when I produced Malay dictionaries on our honeymoon trip from England," she said, "but I said if I was to run his home successfully I must be able to speak to his servants in their own language, and I certainly wanted to speak to the people of his country in their own tongue."

"I engaged a teacher as soon as I arrived here."

"Keeping house has been quite a task for me because my husband has been away for so long. His servants have had two years' comparative holiday, so I have to try to be very stern and set our house in working order."

Dinner was on the same scale of splendor as our surroundings—huge steaks of salmon with various salads, hard-boiled eggs in brightly-dyed shells, steak and kidney pie, two turkeys, and numerous chickens, an exotic trifle, and colored candles.

The party was a startling mixture of ritual and informality.

We were received formally at the head of the stairs, but we were summoned to dinner by Lady Ibrahim clapping her hands and saying, "Will you all please start eating?"

Bill Brindle and I were also the Sultan's guests at curry tiffin when he entertained fifteen members of the A.I.F.

The boys had expressed a wish to

see his property. The Sultan replied:

"You may inspect my property, but it's not for sale."

He met the boys at Istana Besar, the official palace, and formerly the home of his grandfather.

We saw the Crown jewels, which are particularly interesting, as Johore is the only Sultan in Malaya who owns a crown.

We also saw the magnificent

MRS. A. AZIS, handsome English wife of the Malay Prime Minister of Johore, with the Tunku Mahkota, the Sultan's eldest son and heir.

banquet-hall and reception-room, where the furnishings include a dining-suite of cut crystal glass upholstered in white satin.

The Sultan's heir, Tunku Mahkota, took us to his private zoo, where we saw a huge orang-outang, "Max," with long, tangled, orange hair, a sacred white monkey of Siam, a baby elephant, emus, kangaroos, dingoes, and also two young lions recently arrived from Taronga Park.

The private palace where we lunched is a beautiful, wide-windowed house with a light teak circular staircase, pastel linen hangings and teak furniture. The walls are cream and turquoise.

The Chinese servants wore white cotton gloves to serve lunch, while a snow-white Malay cat looked on.

In the lounge-room Lady Ibrahim had a knitting-bag alongside her. She knits every afternoon instead of taking a siesta. She and Mrs. Aziz, the Prime Minister's wife, who was also a lunch guest, compete in knitting production.

The A.I.F. boys who were entertained by the Sultan have ribbons from cigar-boxes autographed by him and his wife, and lots of photographs.

See pictures page 11

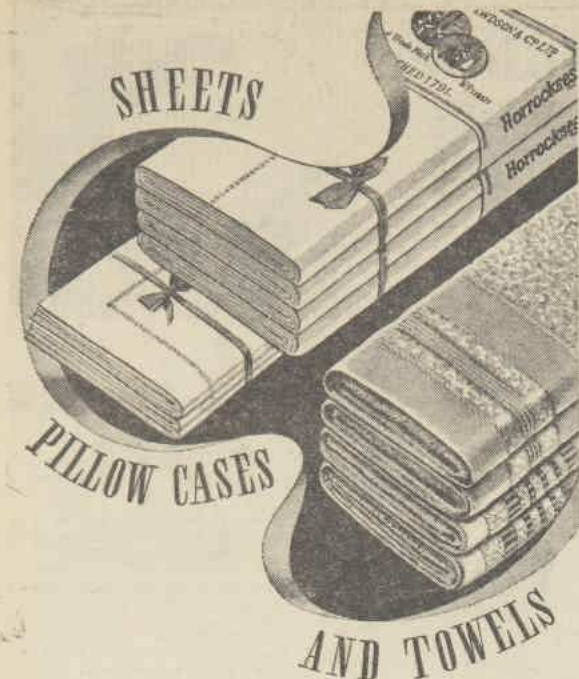


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One Little Slip

Continued from page 5

MICHAEL said: "Oh, let's go anywhere! As if we were young and free of responsibility and met for the first time with a whole world before us!"

She got her coat. "When I went to that dull party this afternoon I never expected to meet a friend. Do you know Fraulein Myer well?"

"I never met her until to-day. I didn't want to go, either. You know, I'm awfully glad I did."

They started down the street. "I had to see you," he said, grim again. "I could not chance having you meet me a second time and call me by name."

"Of course not, Herr Doctor Bergner."

He laughed at that.

It was a greyish purple night, and the world had the theatricality of a poorly lit stage-set. Time was unreal, too. There was no present, because she could not question him about that; they had to rely on a past. That did bring them a sense of closeness, even though little definite was said about it. They walked along deserted streets, hand in hand, until they tired. Then Michael called a cab and said, "To the Trois Lapins!"

They entered a little cafe in a hilly street in Montmartre. Behind a wretched bar in a windowless room were some chairs and tables. A half-dozen men sitting about did not bother to look up.

"I think we'll be safe here," Michael said.

"Safe?" She picked up the word. "I have thought of you so often," he continued. "I heard in London that you refused to continue in the Service."

"I did," Nalya said simply. "There comes a time when you hate a life that hangs on one small slip."

He nodded as if he knew what that meant. "And you meant it?"

"For ever!"

He seemed impressed by that, and did not answer. "I remember Constantinople so well," he said after a pause. "We were all so young. We never thought of slips then. Do you remember?"

"I remember the pleasant things."

"And am I one of them?" Nalya smiled. "I remembered you this afternoon, didn't I?"

"We can pretend to be young this evening," Michael said. "Come, we shall start doing Paris as if we were Americans here for the first time."

They went to another small cafe. Fifteen minutes there, then to another, then another. Later, Nalya could not remember all the places they visited, but she noticed that all were out of the way. After midnight they walked again through the rain high on Montmartre, until they came to the plaza in front of Sacre Coeur. The city lay down below them in grey and yellow fog.

"I have never been here before," Nalya said. "It is beautiful."

Michael looked down on the wisps of saffron light below. "Time itself seems confused to-night."

"Not confused. Just not counting for a little while."

"That's it," he nodded. "I feel as if I were in Paris for the first time. At least, it's the first time we've been here together." Then he asked: "You never married again?"

"Never. And you?"

"I never married."

"That's the first question I've asked all the evening," she laughed. "You've been so fine." He put his arm round her. "I'm so glad I found you, Nalya."

"I'm glad to have been found," she said simply.

"I shall remember this many times," he said, "these minutes here, together." As if he had forced himself to say something unpleasant, he said, "I shall have to return to Berlin in a day or so."

"For a long time?" She could not control her voice.

"I'm not sure. I hope not."

She knew that time had come back and that he was thinking of the future. The mood was broken.

"We had better go down now," he said.

It was difficult to hold back questions, but she said nothing. They took the first cab. After a moment's silence Michael said, "I must ask you something, Nalya. Supposing I told you that I needed help. Would you help me?"

"In Intelligence?" She could feel her anger rise. "Is that why you were so nice to me just a few minutes ago?" As soon as she had

spoken the sentence, she wished she could recall it, but it was said. Then she was glad she had said it. To set a mood, to say certain things, and all for effect! Pretending to her, just as, in his profession, he pretended to the world!

"Oh I say, I didn't think you'd suppose that," he said. "I didn't mean it that way."

"My answer is no."

They drove on in a heavy silence.

"I didn't realise how brutal and crude that question would sound," Michael said, plainly embarrassed.

"I didn't mean it as you understood it." They were passing a large cafe, and he said, "Please! Let's go in there and let me talk to you."

She agreed. Perhaps she had misunderstood; certainly, the evening should not end this way.

"I meant what I said up there, my dear," Michael began as they were seated at a table. "Probably I was feeling young and taking of impossible things, but I meant them, honestly. Then, all at once, the very real present came right at me. Impulsively I shouted for help."

"Forget my reaction, too," Nalya said, smiling. "Let's start again. First, I want to hear about your going to Berlin. You are still in British Intelligence?"

He nodded and added: "And in German Intelligence as well." Then his face went grey. "I'll tell you."

He glanced towards the door as a man came in, and turned quickly to Nalya. "Don't be surprised at what I am about to do. It is all for the best."

Before she could say anything, he was hurrying to the door. His coat collar was round his face as he passed the man who had just entered, an unimportant looking man of fifty.

She wanted to run after him, but she made herself sit quiet, although she could not control her cold shivering. When she had control of herself she left the cafe and went home, worried and confused. Most of her worry, she realised, was for Michael. There was so much she wanted to know. He obviously feared this journey to Berlin. His face was white when he bolted from the restaurant.

She was still worrying about him at school the next day while she went through motions mechanically, and said the usual things. Pretending to work for the Germans while really serving the British was the most precariously dangerous work of all. He might return to Berlin without seeing her, yet to get in touch with him might embarrass him.

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She was still worrying about him at school the next day while she went through motions mechanically, and said the usual things. Pretending to work for the Germans while really serving the British was the most precariously dangerous work of all. He might return to Berlin without seeing her, yet to get in touch with him might embarrass him.

ANNETTE KELLERMAN DANCES UNDER WATER



• Famous for her "Water Ballet," renowned as swimmer and screen star. Annette Kellerman says "I take my Philips Radioplayer everywhere—just couldn't practice without it!" Miss Kellerman's Radioplayer goes now with her on her country tour to raise funds for the Red Cross.

You can be one of the many thousands throughout Australia who enjoy every moment of ownership of a Philips Radioplayer. Your nearest Philips Accredited Retailer will bring one to your home for a demonstration—without the slightest obligation. You can become a Philips owner for a few shillings weekly.

PHILIPS RADIO

"It Beats the Band"

Listen to Jack Davy's new show, "It Beats the Band," every Sunday night at 7.30 through 2GB, 3AW, 4DR, 7HO, 7LA, and leading Country stations at 7.30 through 8.00 and 8.45 through 9.15 & 9.30 P.M.

PHILIPS RADIOPLAYERS, LAMPS AND VALVES ARE MADE BY AUSTRALIANS FOR AUSTRALIAN HOMES

GOODBYE TO GREYNESS OR GOODBYE TO YOUTH

In just 30 minutes INECTO will restore your hair—make you look and feel ten years younger. INECTO cannot be detected and will not rub nor wash off because it colours the hair FROM THE INSIDE. 18 shades to choose from that never fade and are absolutely permanent. Consult your hairdresser or buy from your chemist. Full instructions with each package.

INECTO HAIR COLOURING

Eczema Itch Killed in 7 Minutes

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny canals and pores where germs hide and cause terrible itching, cracking, eczema, peeling, burning, acne, ringworm, pox, scabies, blackheads, pimples, foot itch and other blisters. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs in 7 minutes and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week. If money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble. The guarantee protects you.

Nixoderm NOW 2/1

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

Please turn to page 10



LAURIE STEELE, photographed when she left Australian National Airways to take up a similar position as air hostess with K.N.I.L.M. (Dutch airline) in Europe.



SCENE IN a British aircraft factory. Laurie Steele is one of the six women to be chosen among Government inspectors who see that every part is perfect.

Important war post for Laurie Steele

Former air hostess now aircraft examiner

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in London.

An Australian girl is among the first six women to be chosen by the British Government as examiners in aircraft factories.

She is Laurie Steele, 28-year-old Sydney girl, who was well known as an air hostess with Australian National Airways before joining K.N.I.L.M. (the Dutch airline) in 1938 as an air hostess on European routes.

Since the outbreak of war Miss Steele has been in London, and recently she underwent a strenuous munitions course to fit her for her important new job.

"I AM thrilled to be chosen from hundreds of applicants," Miss Steele told The Australian Women's Weekly. "I have great faith in the part women are playing and will play in building planes, tanks and guns."

"I was anxious to do something of importance in the war effort, and turned over in my mind the various services."

"I nearly went into the Land Army, but when Mr. Bevin broadcast his appeal for women to man munitions and aircraft factories I made up my mind to do that."

"I went to a Labor Exchange and put down my name to be one of the first to go into a training centre."

"Here I had to master the intricacies of the fine gauges, the micrometer, riveting, hardening, tempering, and reading blueprints."

"It was intensely interesting, and when the choice came between munitions and aircraft factories I decided on aircraft."

"We had to be at the training centre at seven a.m., and though the hours were long they seemed to fly in the absorption of the new work."

"We wore boiler suits and stout shoes, tied up our hair in turbans, and rubbed cream into our hands to protect them as much as possible."

"There were a canteen, morning and afternoon breaks, and music while we worked."

"Then one day just as I was nearing the end of the course the Government called for assistant examiners of aircraft, which is the first step towards promotion to the position of examiner."

Finishing course

"I HARDLY hoped I would be chosen for the interview which took place with a high official of the Ministry of Aircraft Production, and when I reached the final selection panel I could hardly believe my good luck."

"Now I am going into a factory for two weeks' finishing course, then I'll be sent to a large aircraft factory for the Government."

"Here my work will be to see that everything is up to the high standard which war conditions demand."

An official of the Ministry of Aircraft Production said: "Though women assistant examiners have been in factories for some time, this is the first opportunity women have had to be examiners."

"The rate of pay is the same as that for men, starting at £250 a year and rising in six months' time to £500."

"Of course the girls chosen must have good education, personality, and a fine eye for detail, for they must maintain a high standard."

"Their word is final, and even a managing director cannot interfere with their decision to have some part or parts scrapped if not absolutely perfect."

tary and a mannequin before, at 26, obtaining her job as hostess with Australian National Airways.

She spent a year flying mostly in the Douglas airliner Kylla between the capital cities of Australia.

When she was appointed to her job with the Dutch company in 1938 she became the only British air hostess on Continental routes.

For fourteen months she flew between Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Milan, and Stockholm.

In Europe her job entailed familiarity with Customs regulations and currency of every country and a detailed knowledge of the geography and history of the countries over which she passed.

"That was a happy time, and intensely interesting," she said.

"Many notable figures were among the passengers I met. As the war clouds began to gather I often wondered what world-shaking secrets were concealed in the despatch-cases they carried."

Scientific HALF-HEAD Tests prove New Shampoo

Thousands Hail Glorifying Action



Proved these 4 Amazing Advantages:

1. Reveals up to 33% more lustre.
2. Leaves hair silkier, smoother.
3. Helps make "perming" faster, safer.
4. Keeps hair's elasticity.

TESTS SHOW THRILLING DIFFERENCE: LEFT—Soap-washed hair. Hair dulled by "alkali-film." RIGHT—Colinated-washed hair. Hair shining, silky-bright.

Half the hair washed with Colinated foam—the other half with a fine soap, or a powder shampoo, so nothing affected results except the shampoos themselves.



Helps "Perms" Take Faster

In every case, Colinated foam-washed hair requires less steaming time (often as much as 15% less) under the wave machine to take a lovely wave.



Did you ever hear of anyone daring to make such a conclusive test on a shampoo!

A "show-down" test that proved this revolutionary new shampoo discovery gives almost unbelievable results... a triumph for this special, patented "Colinating" process... and the way it helps leave hair manageable right after washing.

In unique "half-head tests"—one side washed with Colinated foam and the other half of the hair with a fine soap. And look!... 1. The Colinated side, far more lustrous and silkier. 2. Felt smoother and softer. 3. Took better permanent waves, faster. 4. Hair retained more "spring"—fell back into more natural curl.

This revolutionary Colinated foam is not a soap, not an oil. Yet changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble-foam that washes away grease, dirt and loose dandruff more completely than anything you've ever known! No lemon or vinegar rinse needed, for there is no "soap scum" or oily residue to remove! Make a test yourself—shampoo your hair with Colinated foam... and thrill to your hair's new loveliness! Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for Colinated foam Shampoo (costs less than 4d. a shampoo).

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BOYS & GIRLS! Enter This Simple Competition

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO
IS TO WRITE IN NOT MORE
THAN 25 WORDS WHY YOU LIKE
BREAKFAST D-LIGHT



The judges will decide monthly which entries they think the best, and award to the successful Competitor a pair of Boy's or Girl's Ball Bearing Roller Skates or a Slazenger Competition Tennis Racquet during the Competition (i.e., 10th March to 29th August, 1941.)

Prizes will be given each month and winners' names published in "Sydney Morning Herald" and Brisbane "Courier Mail" on April 29, May 27, June 24, July 28, August 26 and September 9.

Typical Competitor's Entry:

"BREAKFAST D-LIGHT" is our favourite breakfast. Baby enjoys it as well as Grandpa. Mother uses it to make delicious Scones and Custards."

BREAKFAST D-LIGHT



Follow these Simple Instructions

- 1.—Write out your 25 words and give full name and address.
- 2.—Cut from the side Panel of a packet of "BREAKFAST D-LIGHT" the printed words "How to Prepare" and attach to each entry.
- 3.—Competition closes on August 29, 1941. Prizes will be awarded month to month. The judges' decision is final, and no correspondence will be entered into.
- 4.—The envelope containing entry must be addressed—CAPTAIN JOHNS, "Breakfast D-Light," Box 12, Haymarket P.O., Sydney.

Watch the Papers Each Month for Winners' Names

Asthma Mucus Dissolved in 1 Day

Since the discovery of Mendaco by a famous physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from choking, wheezing, gasping Asthma. Mendaco does away with expensive injections and offensive smokes. All you do is to take 3 tasteless tablets with meal and Mendaco starts circulating through the blood in 10 minutes. Soon the choking mucus and phlegm dissolves. You breathe easily and freely. Your nerves relax, you get good, fresh, pure air into your lungs, and vigour returns.

Sleep Like a Baby

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma say that the very first dose of Mendaco brought them glorious ease and comfort, and that they slept soundly the very first night. Then their vigour returned and they felt healthier and stronger, and 5 to 10 years younger. The reason for this is that Mendaco acts in natural ways to overcome the effects of Asthma. (1) It dissolves, liquefies and removes the strangling mucus or phlegm; (2) It relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in your bronchial tubes so that the air can get in and out of your lungs; (3) It promotes body vigour, and stimulates the building of rich, revitalised blood.

No Asthma for Five Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate results, free breathing and comfort and enables you to sleep, but also builds up the system to ward off future attacks. Mr. J. H.

writes: "I was almost dead with Asthma. Had lost 40 lbs. in weight, suffered coughing, choking and strangling every night—couldn't sleep—expected to die. Mendaco stopped spasms first night and I have had no Asthma since in over 2 years." Mrs. A. W. writes: "I had Asthma for 26 years. After using Mendaco I can sleep all night and have not had an attack since taking it." Mrs. G. E. C. writes: "I bless the day I first heard of Mendaco. What a god-send it is to a poor woman like me who for 25 years never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. The constant fight between Asthma and sleep was wearing me down, but I feel now I want to forget my past suffering."

Benefits Immediate

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge if you don't feel entirely well and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the package and the purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel.

CONQUERS ASTHMA
Mendaco

Now in 3 sizes ... 3/2, 6/3, 12/6

One Little Slip

Continued from page 8

ANOTHER half-hour passed, and any fear of danger she had ever had for herself was not as bad as this. The ashtray in front of her was filled with scarcely-smoked cigarettes.

Then he appeared, breathless, trying a little too hard to be untroubled. "I'm sorry I'm late. It took me a short time to avoid some gentlemen who tried to follow to see where I was going."

"You used not to get frightened, Michael," she answered quietly.

"Me? Frightened? Oh I say—I!"

"Then why do you watch the door so intently?"

"Oh, well, you never know—I!"

"Why did you leave me in the cafe so suddenly last night?"

"Because I didn't want a friend of mine to see you with me, for your sake. He's liable to take an unpleasant interest in my friends."

"To-day I ask questions, Michael."

He nodded. "I'll tell you everything. I'm so glad to talk to someone, so glad!"

"And you wanted to go to Berlin without seeing me!"

He smiled at her. "I'm glad you came. Secretly, I hoped you would. But don't say I didn't warn you."

"I'm not afraid," she said frankly. Her hand shook as she lit a cigarette.

"You see, I've always worked for the British Intelligence, pretending to be a German. That's my profession, as it were. I spent my boyhood in Germany. I've lived there more than in England."

He did not once look at Nalya. His eyes were always on the door. "A year before Hitler came to power I went to Berlin."

Nalya felt her throat tighten, as if heat were tightening it. She put out her cigarette.

"I got a job on a Berlin newspaper there," he continued. "A perfectly fine front for sending information to London." He still watched the door. "Six months ago some of Hitler's friends came to me and told me bluntly that unless I agreed to work for the German Secret Service my newspaper job was finished. Seems as if it was a requirement for most German journalists. I tried to duck it but I couldn't. I was ordered to come to Paris, as a foreign correspondent. Here I am, just an unimportant middleman in the German system here. Men bring me information and I pass it on to my superior."

"And to London, too, I suppose?"

"And to London."

She asked suddenly, "What are you afraid of, Michael?"

He started. "Am I still staring at the door? I'm uneasy about the Germans I work with. I think they mistrust me. That can end my career of pretending to be a German for the British."

Eagerly he asked, "Why not quit the whole business, British and German?"

"I'd like to, my dear," Michael said wearily, "but I came to Paris to find the identity of the head of the German system here. I haven't succeeded yet. It's a person of great experience whom the British and the French are particularly eager to identify."

That Nalya understood. Identifying that person would uncover much of the German network in western Europe.

"I must finish that job," Michael said slowly.

"Why do your German friends here suspect you?"

"For one thing, several German agents here have been arrested," he explained, "although I had nothing to do with that. The underlings in the German system drive the chiefs in Berlin to madness. The underlings go along so carefully, following their routine intelligently and brilliantly. Then, when you least expect it, they make some silly, dreadful mistake, and all their routine work goes for nothing. Invariably! You can almost depend on it!"

Nalya could remember having heard that said more than twenty years before, in 1917, when her husband commented on the German agent in New York who left his precious brief-case on a seat in the subway, as a man might leave behind his gloves.

"Berlin would like to blame someone for the arrests here," Michael said grimly. "Then, last week, a Frenchman sold a fine collection of aviation secrets to the Germans, thanks to me. I advised the French

to do nothing but to watch the man and see where he was getting his material. Instead, the French arrested him."

"And the Germans suspect you for that?"

"I rather think so."

Nalya shrugged her shoulders. "You're in Paris. What can they do to you?"

"A shot in the dark or something similarly melodramatic." Michael's face became greyer. "Or something undramatic but coldly brutal."

Nalya saw that her hands were cold and white and bloodless. "What is that?"

"They can request one to come to Berlin," he said quietly. "They've summoned me."

"You?" She knew her face must be cold and white, too. "But you don't have to go."

Michael shook his head slowly. "If I want to finish my work here, I must risk going to Berlin and coming back. I can hope for a routine questioning and a speedy return."

All that Nalya had ever read of concentration camps, of a chopping-block and a man with an axe that reflected the first light of dawn, was suddenly horribly real. "You can't go," she said, realising at once how futile that must sound. She had to find arguments somewhere. "I won't let you go. You haven't been out of my mind for a moment since we met."

"I'm sorry, my dear. I should not have come to you."

"I'm not sorry. I've been glad, very glad." She hesitated. He would not over-emphasise his predicament. He would go to Berlin, and no argument would deter him. Then she remembered his request for help last night. That must have slipped out from a desperately worried man. "You asked me to help you last night. Was it help so that you would not have to return to Berlin?"

He did not answer that. "I don't want to worry you in any way, my dear. Please forget anything I said."

She understood his unwillingness to answer, but she had to find some way to make him talk. He was real to her, close to her, and no one had been real or close for years. And the years ahead would be the more barren if he were taken away now. That was true, and she knew it.

SHE broke the silence, saying: "We are not young any more, Michael. We can be frank." She reached out for his hand. "I told you last night I would not lose you. I can't, don't you understand? I am willing to help you now, really. I'll help."

This was an emotional reaction, and she knew it, but that did not concern her. She was certain the rational reaction would come later, but it would be the same. Michael shook his head. "You got out of the business once, Nalya. I'm not going to involve you again."

He could be stubborn, and she needed something to beat down his stubbornness. "I'm already mixed up in it, silly. Don't you understand, I—"

Then she hesitated.

"I know, my dear," he said slowly. "I love you, too."

She felt her face flush. "If you go to Berlin, Michael, I go with you."

"My dear, that's nonsense, utter nonsense. I couldn't permit that."

She could handle him now. "Last night I didn't understand. To-night I understand, oh, so many things. I'm so glad I can have a chance to help. If anything happened to you, how could I forget that I might have helped you but chose not to? Don't you see, I'm helping myself, really." Her voice was strained. "Please tell me what to do, please!"

Michael hesitated for a moment and that was a favorable sign. "It may be dangerous."

"Naturally," she agreed. "Oh, you are a stubborn blockhead, Michael. Don't you understand, if I help you, I'm helping you, I'm helping myself, I'm being purely selfish." She even began to feel angry at him.

For a long minute Michael said nothing. Then, "Of course I don't want to visit Berlin. I have few illusions about what would happen to me there. I'd risk it, though, but after finding you—I! I have a scheme to find the identity of Higher-up in the German network here, but I need help."

"I'll do anything, Michael." She knew that for the truth.

Please turn to page 12

MOST TALKED-ABOUT BEAUTY CREAM



(Dorothy Leyland gives her opinion)

This is what I call a "fairly-godmother" cream. It's white magic, a blessing in a jar! Call it what you will but take my word for it—there never was a cream that could perform such miracles for your skin. No, don't take my word for it—see your skin in the SKIN DEEP and see your skin refreshed, smooth, dewy...

Non-Alkaline—A NEW TYPE Cream

Skin Deep is the first new type of cream since Mother was your age. It's Non-Alkaline... because science has just made the vital discovery that skin needs a Non-Alkaline cream.

Absorbed by the skin 87% more.

SKIN DEEP—unlike other creams that lie on the surface in a greasy film—soaks right in, refreshingly, to the underlying tissues of your skin. That's how it fulfils our drying Australian climate, makes your skin seventeen-ish again!

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A.D.D.

Rheumatism and Backache Gone in 1 Week

Flush Kidneys With Cystex and You'll Feel Fine

Cystex—the prescription of a famous doctor—ends all troubles due to faulty kidney action in double quick time, so, if you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Headaches, Cries under Eyes, frequent Headaches and Colds, Poor Energy and Appetite, Puffy Ankles, Burning, Smarting Passages, or have frequently to get up Nights, go to your chemist today for Cystex and be fit and well next week.

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

1. The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet without any harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in three ways to end your troubles—(1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
- (2) Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
- (3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

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"I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about and walk miles although I am 63 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it."—(Mrs.) M. L. Zemin, Thompson Estate, Brisbane.

Now Able to Walk Without Stick
"I had Kidney and Bladder complaint, pain in leg and back: in fact, I had to use a walking stick. I have used two bottles of Cystex, now I have no pains anywhere. I consider Cystex the greatest medicine in the world for Kidney complaint."—(Mrs.) J. McPherson, Nangaroon Station, N.S.W.

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! Now in 3 sizes—1/6, 4/6, 12/6

This is a **GUARANTEED Cystex** Remedy for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

Piles Go Quick

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why salves and cutting fail. Dr. Leonard's Vacuoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds, because it relieves this congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vacuoid has given quick, safe and lasting relief to thousands of pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Vacuoid with this guarantee.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Night swimming party at Malayan ruler's palace



LADY IBRAHIM, wife of the Sultan of Johore, in the swimming-pool at the Sultan's party. Party was preceded by lavish buffet dinner in adjoining pavilion. Pictures on this page by W. ("Bill") Brindle.



AT THE COCKTAIL BAR. From left: R.S.Q. Wong, Chinese friend and adviser of Sultan, Mrs. Brittain, wife of American film company representative, the Sultan.



THE SULTAN'S WIFE is an accomplished amateur tap-dancer, and here demonstrates on the edge of the pool at the swimming party. She wore a pink silk frock and a rope of precious stones.



THE SULTAN (centre) and his guests from The Australian Women's Weekly, who attended his party, Adele Shelton Smith, our special correspondent, and cameraman Bill Brindle.



HIS HIGHNESS, according to Royal precedent, enters the swimming-pool first. Note the tattoo marks on his arms. The Sultan is 68, but does not look his age. Tall and distinguished, he has greying hair and fine dark eyes. He is athletic and an excellent swimmer.



HOST AND HOSTESS arm in arm. Lady Ibrahim, as the Sultan's wife is called, is a pretty Rumanian, who met her husband in England. She was formerly Marcelle Mendl.

For The Blood, Veins, Arteries
And Heart

Elasto
The Wonder Tablet

**Take It!
and Stop Limping**

DON'T let Leg Troubles cripple you. Take 'Elasto', the Great New Biomedical Remedy that acts through the blood, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense.

Leg aches and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto', the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

What Is 'Elasto'?

This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of revitalising the blood. Your copy is free—see Offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, without which there can be no true healing! NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to 'ELASTO', Box 1552E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting 'Elasto' booklet. Or better still, get a supply of 'Elasto' (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference 'Elasto' makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply. (A.440)

"I HAVE my suspicions, and the French police have been keeping watch on one person for me. But I have no proof. Now, listen!"

"I'm listening, my dear, but please do stop watching that door!"

"I never stop, do I? Nerves!" He smiled for the first time in a long while. "I want someone to go to an address I know and say to a man there, 'I am a friend of Jules Sashon!'"

"That does not sound dangerous. Who is Sashon?"

"He was a Frenchman employed until last week in the Air Ministry. To-night he's in jail here." He was serious again. "That's only the beginning of the scheme."

"And if it is successful," she asked gently, "you will not have to return to Berlin?"

"I shall not even have to remain in the British Service any longer." She smiled happily. "Give me that address!"

At five o'clock the next day she walked down Rue Haussman, ready to do what she had sworn never to do again. The thought of Michael made it different; it did not decrease the strain but it provided a motive that was personal and understandable. Each step, perhaps, took her into unknown trouble and worry. But each step, surely and firmly, took her away from loneliness, from an isolated impersonal world.

The address which Michael had given her was that of a block of flats. She asked for a Monsieur Dubois, Michael's immediate superior in the German Service. Dubois came to the door.

"I am a friend of Jules Sashon," Nalya said, without nervousness.

"So? I don't know him," Dubois,

a middle-aged man, spoke with a heavy German accent.

"I think you knew him once." Nalya took a cigarette from her bag and handed it to Dubois, a purple cigarette with a crimson tip which Michael had given her. That, he had said, would make Dubois listen.

"Excuse me, mademoiselle," Dubois said, eyeing the cigarette. His round face became friendly. "One must always be so careful."

"Jules gave me the cigarette and your address," Nalya said, without any sense of nervousness.

"May I ask who are you?"

"I am a Russian living in Paris," Nalya said. Then, sharply, "If Jules had not worked for you, he would not be in prison now."

"Ach, I'm sorry for him! But what do you want?"

"I have some of the same information that Jules gave you, and I can get more. I know many of his friends in the Air Ministry." She saw Dubois start at that, as Michael had prophesied. Sashon's arrest had cut off a most important German contact with French aviation. Dubois would be eager to establish any new contact.

"Have you any information with you?" Dubois asked eagerly.

"Here," Nalya handed him several genuine papers that Michael had provided. They would interest Dubois.

They did. "Let me see what else you have," he said quickly.

"Plenty more," Nalya smiled. "But until we discuss payment I can show you nothing."

"Aber—how can we discuss payment without knowing—?"

Here was the climax, the place to go carefully.

"I shall be pleased to bring more material to any of your superiors and let them see it. Naturally, I shall expect them to be there. If they approve, then we can discuss payment."

"I shall have to consult my colleagues," Dubois answered. "Will you be back at three o'clock, suit?"

She agreed. She went away, pleased that she had spoken as Michael had coached her. And she had not been afraid. More important, so far as she knew, she had been successful.

N

ALYA telephoned to the school the next morning and told them that she was ill. Then she met Michael on a bench along the Seine.

"Dubois will take you to meet his superior," he said, "and that, I hope, will be the person I want. I shall follow wherever he takes you, with French detectives."

"Dubois seemed so eager yesterday," Nalya said thoughtfully. "It makes me a little suspicious."

"The Germans are desperately trying to replace Sashon," Michael said confidently. "If we're lucky we can catch the person we want. Aviation information is vital to them."

It was almost three o'clock. "I must be going," Nalya said. "I'm really eager to be done with it and to know..."

"To know what?"

"That you go with me to the plaza of Sacre Coeur to-night and not to the Berlin express."

"Good luck," he kissed her. "I'll be outside Dubois' house with the police and we'll follow wherever you go. There is no chance of a slip-up."

She took a package which Michael had given her and started out. It did no good to try to foresee what might happen. It did no good to be nervous; that might lead her to make some mistake. It was better to repeat for the tenth time the lines she had to say.

Dubois opened the door for her. "You are prompt," he said, looking at the package she carried. "I see you have the material."

"Yes," she said, trying not to be grim. In the street below Michael was waiting. She wished she could have seen him once more.

Dubois put on his coat. "We must go to my friends."

That was as Michael had predicted.

As they went down to the street, Dubois was completely at ease, com-

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

One Little Slip

Continued from page 10

pletely unconcerned. "We'll get a cab," he said, but he paused five or six available ones before he said, "Here, this one!"

Nalya wished she could turn round and look for Michael. She had to hope that he was watching.

Dubois knew the cab-driver. He called him Jacques and did not give him directions, as if this were all arranged. That upset Nalya, and again she wished she could turn and see that Michael was following. The cab went into the centre of Paris, weaving quickly through thick traffic.

Dubois talked cheerfully about the weather and seemed to be enjoying the ride. Then the cab turned sharply down a little side street, throwing Nalya against the side of the seat. As she recovered her balance, the cab stopped at the rear entrance to a department store.

"Come on, hurry out," Dubois said sharply, taking her by the arm. He almost dragged her into the store. They cut through it, down one aisle, then across, then to the front entrance. Dubois smiled pleasantly. "I never know when someone might be following, and with the valuable material you have! This ought to discourage them."

"Yes," Nalya looked round quickly. There was no sign of Michael, no sign of anyone following. There was the slip! Without Michael arriving with the police, the meeting ahead could mean only danger for her, without any chance of success. She thought of turning back now, but Dubois had her by the elbow.

"We'll take this cab," he said coldly, politely.

Please turn to page 14

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MY HEAD WAS SO BAD



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When your soldier-boy sends you a sari...

You can make it into a dress
—or wear it like this!

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

The Australian Women's Weekly representative in Malaya

THE beautiful Indian saris shown in the shops in Malaya have captured the imagination of the A.I.F., and the boys are buying them to send home to wives and girl friends.

Six yards long, these saris can be made into frocks or worn in Indian fashion.

Some of the boys asked me to show you the way to put them on.

"I guess my girl would like to try it on in Indian style first, whatever she does with it after," said one lad. "It seems pretty tricky to me."

The Indian women wear them with an innate grace, so Miss Winifred Talalla, member of a wealthy Indian family which entertains numbers of the A.I.F. regularly, showed me how to don one.

Bill Brindle, our special cameraman in Malaya, took pictures of us, and on this page you see the six stages.

There are three ways of finishing the sari. Below you see one way, over the head. Miss Winifred Talalla, who is shown in the other pictures, drapes hers across both shoulders. Or it can be worn with the free end draped across one shoulder, right off the other.



1 HOLD the sari at the centre back, and bring it round across the right hip to the left side.



2 NOW the sari is ready to take across the back again.



3 FOLD six-inch pleats in the material at the right hip, slightly towards front. Pin, stitch, or tie pleats with tape. Take round left hip, raising top above waistline on way.



COMPLETED SARI



4 TAKE IT across back level with shoulder-blades, across front, over left shoulder.



5 DRAPE and fasten thus with a brooch at left hip.



6 FASTEN the folds at the left shoulder with another brooch, and carry the end of the sari across the head. Now your sari should look as is shown in the centre picture.

NEW CANADIAN CREAM RUB



for Children's Chest Colds

Mothers! Here's the new Canadian Cream Rub—Buckley's Wintrol RUB—it's for children's chest colds—now made in Australia by the makers of Buckley's Canadiol Mixture. It's the new cream rub with the unique 3-way thermal action that breaks up children's chest colds while they sleep. Rubs in quicker, penetrates deeper, acts faster. Ask your chemist or store for Buckley's Wintrol RUB to-day.

Buckley's WINTROL RUB

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

THEY drove on in silence. Nalya knew that she ought not to show her confusion, but she could think of nothing to say. They changed cabs three times in the next half-hour, as if all Dubois was trying to do was to ride about the town. The last cab went down a quiet, empty street in the outskirts of the city. Once again Nalya looked behind. No vehicle was following.

The cab stopped at a street corner and a small, round-shouldered man appeared.

"Come in," Dubois said. Then, to Nalya, "This is Herr Schmidt."

This man with the shrewd pointed face, this little man, so much like a book-keeper out for a noonday airing, was the person Michael wanted! Yet, as Nalya watched him enter the cab, she was not sure.

"You are on time," Schmidt said as he ordered the driver to go on. "We must always follow our orders precisely. You went through the department store?"

"Yes, Heinrich."

"You changed cabs three times?" Schmidt seemed so cold and businesslike, a difficult man to fool.

"Three times, Heinrich."

Certainly, were Schmidt an important person, Dubois would not call him by his first name.

"Had there been any slip-up we should both have been reprimanded," Schmidt added.

That sounded as if Schmidt and Dubois both took orders from someone higher up. Nalya felt confused and more uncertain than ever.

For twenty minutes more the cab drove out into the suburbs, then stopped in front of a little house.

"Here we are," Schmidt said, "at the usual place."

As Nalya stepped down from the cab she looked up and down the street. No other car, no other person was in sight. For her it was like some bad dream from which she could not awaken. Uncertain about Schmidt's real importance, sure that Michael could not possibly follow now, she thought of pretending to

One Little Slip

Continued from page 12

be ill and unable to go through with the conversation, but that would end any chance of ever repeating this scheme. The only choice for Michael then would be Berlin.

She followed the men along a walk to a small house. The lawn in front showed no sign of any care, and little garden beds were filled with weeds. The porch was unpeeled.

Schmidt used two keys to open the door. Nalya followed him into the house, hoping desperately, but certain that she was walking to failure. The rooms inside were shuttered and closed, but there was no damp, unoccupied odor in the house. Schmidt led the way into a poorly furnished living-room. He left the shutters closed but turned on a weak electric light. Dubois locked the door.

Schmidt began at once. "We are ready to consider your material, mademoiselle."

As far as Nalya could see she was completely trapped. But she said sharply, "I would like to know that I am talking to people able to make decisions."

"But Herr Schmidt—" Dubois began clumsily.

"He may be as unimportant as you are," Nalya said coldly, while Schmidt laughed. "Jules told me how unimportant you were."

Pretending to be dissatisfied with the status of the two men might give her an excuse for impatience and a reason for going now, without having to reveal what was in her parcel. By this time Michael should have been here, but there was no hope of his coming. "I am certainly not going to discuss my material with underlings who will perhaps forget to tell their superiors and take the credit—and the payment."

"Our superiors have given us orders," Schmidt said. "We shall follow them, and you can trust us."

"Trust you?" Nalya tried to laugh. "I refuse to show this material to underlings. If you'll be good enough to open the door, please?"

Schmidt walked up to her. "Give me that parcel." With a rough push he had it in his hands and tore off the wrapping. Old newspapers fell out. "So these are important documents," he shouted. "Very clever!" He laughed in Nalya's face. "And at this moment, I suppose, the police were to have come in and arrested us."

At this moment the police should have been pounding at the door, but the street outside was silent.

"We must find out who put her up to this," Dubois said heavily.

SCHMIDT drew an automatic from his pocket. "I think mademoiselle will have sense enough to tell us who it was," he said menacingly. "Come, mademoiselle, who was it?"

The automatic was pointed at Nalya. It did not waver.

"There is nothing I can say," she answered slowly.

"There is much you will say," Schmidt said heavily.

Then, in the silence, Nalya was startled. The doorbell rang, not one ring, but several short ones, as if it were an agreed signal. Schmidt and Dubois were more surprised than startled. Schmidt frowned. "Who comes here now?"

"Perhaps the police," Dubois said nervously.

Schmidt was not frightened. "They would not use that ring," he snapped. "Hurry, get this woman upstairs. Lock her in a room."

Dubois took the automatic from Schmidt, and forced Nalya up the stairs and into a dark room. He locked the door.

Schmidt had opened the front door and admitted someone, without any sound of confusion or alarm. By pressing against the door Nalya could hear the voice of the newcomer. The words did not matter. The voice was everything. It was a woman's voice.

Schmidt answered her in a deferential, almost subservient tone. He said, "You should not have come here, Fraulein."

"I had to come," the woman said. "After the number of mistakes made by men such as you and Dubois, how can I trust you when something as important as this aviation business is concerned? I cannot chance any more mistakes."

Dubois said something, but Nalya could not hear clearly. Then she

heard Schmidt laugh. "Excuse me, Fraulein, but the mistake is yours."

"Mine?"

"In assuming that this is important."

"But this concerns important aviation documents."

"Nein, Fraulein, nein! The mistake is yours in bothering to come here, if you will pardon me. The whole thing was a trap which did not work."

Something else was said but Nalya could not hear it. That did not matter. She had heard that woman's voice and she knew that voice now. It was the voice of Fraulein Myer, the German teacher at the school.

Then the doorbell rang, one long, loud ring, and at the same time there was a violent banging at the door. Nalya heard people running about, the sounds of other men's voices, but they spoke French.

Then one man shouted, "Get the three, particularly the woman."

That was Michael's voice.

From Sacre Coeur the city lights were clear. There was no fog this night.

"For a long time we suspected Fraulein Myer and watched her," Michael said. He was not nervous now. "I expected she would meet you to-day, but I needed proof."

"And when you lost my trail this afternoon?"

"I phoned the police at once. They told me that the Fraulein was starting out on a trip somewhere. I joined the men who were following her, right to where you were, thank heaven."

"I was dreadfully frightened," Nalya said wearily.

Michael smiled at her. "It is strange that people who are clever enough to conceal an important cog in their system under the magnificent disguise of a little school teacher in an unimportant school aren't lucky enough to avoid that one inevitable little slip!"

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MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



GLADYS PARKER

"Hey, Nancy, you've lost one of your skates!"

HE who laughs LASTS



UNPOPULAR SERGEANT: Hi! that bullet just missed me.
RECRUIT: I'm awfully sorry, sergeant.



"Did they take an X-ray picture of your wife's jaw after the accident?"
"No, a movie."

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Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

DOCTOR (on telephone): Your wife hasn't appendicitis. I removed her appendix two years ago, and I have never heard of anybody having two.

Husband: Have you ever heard of anybody having two wives?

STORE MANAGER: That last customer didn't buy anything, but he left all smiles. What did he want to see?

Sales Girl: Me—at five-thirty.

"DEAR TEACHER," wrote an indignant mother, "you must not whack my Tommy. He is a delicate child and isn't used to it. At home we never hit him unless in self-defence."

"DARLING, now that we're engaged, have you a pet name by which I can call you?"

"Well—er—they used to call me 'Pie-face.'"

"A MISTRESS should treat her maids with the same consideration that she treats her husband."

"Yes; and how long do you think they would stay?"

"SMITH wants me to lend him some money. Do you know anything about him?"

"Why, I know him as well as I know you. Don't lend him a penny, old man."

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An Editorial

MAY 10, 1941

KEEPING PEACE IN THE HOME



HOME life has changed with the war. With sons in the army and daughters at war-work it has taken on a quicker tempo. The after-tennis group of young people who dropped in on the way home has gone . . . in its place are purposeful youngsters in uniform.

The surfers' togs on the line have been replaced by military shirts and socks.

A service cap passes by the neighbor's hedge where once went Milly's jaunty little hat.

War having invaded the home, it remains for the mothers to decide how the invasion can be met.

For the soldier in camp or the girl war-worker home is a haven. They like to think the war hasn't changed it.

The younger children, too, while being made fully aware of the purposes and progress of the war, should not be allowed to forget their homework on the plea that they want to listen to the war news.

For a mother in the home these are difficult times. The old peaceful routine is gone. . . But it is well to remember that we went to war to preserve those very things — the right to live and think in our own way.

We are fighting to keep the peacetime washing on the line, to live in homes and walk in a moonlit garden, not cower in an air-raid shelter.

To thousands of men and women home life has become ineffably precious and dear. The mother in the home has become an even greater symbol than in peace. She represents something safe and sane.

When the boys are home on leave, when the young children are at their studies, when father has settled down to a book, she can shut the door on war for an hour or two and transport her family back into civilisation again.

There is morale building in this as potent as tanks and guns in the bid for final victory.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

Private H. J. Wasley in the Middle East to his aunt, Miss E. Todd, at Prospect, S.A.:

"IT was 5.30 a.m. when I stopped a piece of shrapnel with my right leg—broke it between knee and ankle. Since I was hit I have been brought hundreds of miles by stretcher-bearers, road ambulance, air ambulance, and hospital train.

"It was hard going, but I was wonderfully well treated. Everyone was so considerate. To the stretcher-bearers in particular I was more than thankful.

"They had to get me down a cliff. It would have been hard going without any load at all. But there were plenty of willing hands and they got me down without a jolt. Then I was carried back more than a mile in comparative comfort.

"A stretcher-bearer and my platoon officer put a temporary splint on my leg, using my own rifle as a splint and my belt straps and money belt to hold it. I had to wait more than three hours for a stretcher, but that was no fault of the bearers, and while waiting I was made comfortable.

"We each had a day's supply of water. Soon I had finished all mine, and the other chaps started to give me theirs and also cigarettes.

"Human kindness has no limit in times of stress. Even the enemy wounded were treated well by our chaps.

"My leg was dressed at a dressing station, and later the same day I had the worst part—nine miles in a road ambulance to a field hospital where I was given a local anaesthetic and had my leg put in decent splints.

"Then I went by ambulance to a landing ground, and out of the desert by air. Afterwards was a long train journey, and now, after five days' travelling, I am getting settled into the comforts of hospital life, complete with pyjamas and sheets."

Private Mark MacDonald in Palestine to his mother at 190 Tennyson St., Elwood, Vic.:

"I WAS on anti-aircraft duty last night and have the morning off, so am writing this in bed.

"As I look out of my tent I can see an Arab shepherd and his flock on the sandhills in the near distance. There is a camel train making its way along. How I wish you could see it, Mum.

"I had a ride on a camel yesterday and thought I was in a destroyer in a storm.

"I met a New Zealander back from the war zone and he told me they found an Italian payroll bag. They shot the lock off and found hundreds of 1000-lire notes, and filled their pockets with them.

"Later a rumor went around that the notes were no good, and as it was cold they lit a fire with them. One shrewd chap kept one note and when he got back to Alexandria he went to the bank and got £2/10/- for it.

"The other lads went mad when he told them. You bet if ever I am lucky enough to lay my hands on any I'll keep them."

Winnie the War Winner



"Could I send a birthday call to mother?"

Private W. Brochie in Palestine to his wife at Westgarth St., Fitzroy, Vic.:

"WELL, darling, I haven't seen any action yet, but I have heard accounts of the fighting from a few chaps who have been up to the front, and by all accounts it is not so bad, so don't worry over me, because if you worry then I will do likewise.

"The war that we are fighting is not one that we like or picked, but we are fighting for what we hold dear, namely, freedom, and if we lose that freedom then we shall lose all our happiness, and life will not be worth living.

"We won't lose. If you could see the boys here in camp you would wonder if there is really a war on. They joke and make fun of everything."

Private L. J. Milliken in the Middle East to his wife at Bundaberg, Qld.:

"IN Alexandria we visited King Farouk's summer palace, and as he was in Cairo we were able by a bit of wangling on our guide's part to go inside and see right through it. It was very beautiful, with lovely carpets, some of which were hundreds of years old, beautiful chandeliers and furniture.

"We even sat on the beds of the King and Queen, and saw their bathrooms, the Princesses' rooms, the King's study, the library, kitchen, and laundry.

"We met all types of troops on leave, of every country fighting on our side, and although a lot of them couldn't speak English they all wanted to shake hands and wish us the best of luck."

A corporal in Malaya to a friend at Torrensville, S.A.:

"WE are having a barbecue to-night, and it was intended to have two sheep, so the order was given to the Chinese food contractor for two clean, dressed sheep.

"He said he quite understood what was wanted, and this morning he turned up with his 'sheep,' which were two goats, beautifully clean, with their coats brushed until they shone.

"About all he forgot was the ribbon round their necks. I'm sure the goats were scorched by the rest of the herd when he took them back."

A corporal in Palestine to a friend at Yeerongpilly, Qld.:

"I BECAME friendly with a fellow with one eye, a fine chap just back from the scrap-ping; one day I asked him how he had lost his eye.

"Oh," he replied, 'an It bomb did that. I was having a wash when the bomb hit, and when the excitement died down I found I could find the darned eye.'

"Wh-a-at!" I exclaimed in blank amazement, and then we proceeded to straighten matters out.

"You see, he had an artificial eye and had removed it before the landscape lifted gracefully into the air.

"As a specialist he had managed to enlist despite the artificial eye."

Corporal J. A. Willing in Malaya to his wife at Burwood, N.S.W.:

"WE had two 5lb. tins of grease for our vehicles. In the bustle of unpacking and settling in, these tins went astray. Later it was found that the natives had them, and were spreading the grease on bread, and thought they had a new tinned food!"

A soldier in Darwin to Miss Heather Kirkland, of 15 Gillett St., Manly, N.S.W.:

"THE train here is the most antique in Australia. I expected to see George Stephenson looking out of the engine. At times it runs out of fuel, and the boys have to hop off and gather wood to get her going again.

"Last Sunday the railway people kept ringing our camp to know if we had seen the train anywhere.

"When it did roll past we rang them, and the chap said: 'I can see some smoke so I thought it must be the train.'"

Private E. J. Godsall in England to a friend in Central Queensland:

"I WAS riding in a London bus one day when a bomb burst. You should have seen that bus empty!

"After helping a girl and the inevitable suitcase into a shelter I noticed her queer accent and asked her nationality.

"She answered quite simply: 'German.'

"You're wrong. I didn't push her out again. She said Hitler had hunted her out of Germany and she had gone to a University in Spain. She had been bombed out of that so she had come to London, where she was nursing."



SEND THESE TO THE BOYS IN MALAYA



TWO LADS in Malaya eagerly read *The Australian Women's Weekly*. They are avid readers of newspapers from home.

By cable from ADELE SHELTON SMITH, our special correspondent in Malaya.

- Plenty of letters and newspapers
- Long but lightweight stockings
- Talcum powder, not highly scented
- Sweat-rags to wear at the neck
- Tobacco and papers, sports gear



ENGLISH HELPERS at the Anzac Club canteen, Malaya, with members of the A.I.F. "The boys love to talk about home news in their letters," said one helper.

LETTERS and more letters... Newspapers and more newspapers."

This is the plea of all members of the A.I.F. here when I ask them what they want most from home. I was in one camp on mail day, so I know this is true.

When they receive their letters they stand in their tracks out in the sun, lean on a wall in the shade, or flop into a chair if there is one handy. Then, judging by their eyes, they forget all about Malaya and are back home again while they read their mail.

The eyes of the man who expects a letter and doesn't get one are something I should like to forget, but I never shall.

The A.I.F. have the reputation for being the most prolific letter-writers of all the service men in Malaya. The average length of an A.I.F. letter is six closely-written pages.

I have met several men, most of them just married before they sailed, who each write a letter every day. A rugged-looking young transport driver said to me: "Lady, you'll think I'm a bit feeble, I s'pose, but when I get a letter from my wife I have to go and hide in a corner to read it because I'm afraid I'll cry like a kid."

The A.I.F. badly needs newspapers from home. When a man receives a newspaper it is passed around until it is in tatters.

Apart from letters and newspapers these are the main things the boys would like to receive in their parcels from home:

Long, very lightweight stockings. The usual heavyweight short wool socks are useless owing to the heat and the fact that the men wear shorts all the time.

Lots of talcum powder—"but none of that highly-scented stuff, pal," one of them said.

Sweat-rags—loosely-woven cotton cloths similar to our dishcloths.

These tied round the neck absorb perspiration, prevent heat rash, and are softer on the skin than a damp shirt collar. At present they tie handkerchiefs round their necks, but these are really too thick for the purpose.

Australian ready-rubbed tobacco and cigarette papers. Cigarettes are cheap in the canteens. An English brand is sold at the equivalent of 2d. for ten cigarettes, but the "roll-their-own" boys are pining for a hand-made cigarette. The tobacco should be packed in sealed tins, otherwise it will rot.

Sports equipment is urgently needed. The A.I.F. is being challenged from all sides to play cricket, football, tennis, water polo matches, and to make a good showing they need sports equipment for regular practice. Sports togs are also needed.

Competitive spirit

NOW that the A.I.F. has settled in there is a competitive spirit among the various units about who looks the smartest on parade. On arrival it was found that there were only two unit flags among the whole contingent.

Every unit wants a British and an Australian flag in the regulation six-foot size.

Last, but by no means least, is the plea of the fresh-faced young corporal:

"Pal, I'd like a home-made cake that only mother can make. I could eat one six-foot square with six-foot-thick icing all by myself."

I saw a magnificent birthday cake sent to a warrant-officer. It was the same size as the base of a kerosene tin and had been packed in two ends of the tin fitted over each other like a box. The cake travelled so well that there was not the tiniest crack in the ornamental icing which said, "Darling, a happy birthday." Incidentally, the cake weighed more than twelve pounds and cost only 1/6 in postage.

MRS. JOHNSON'S
POOR LITTLE
YOUNGSTER
ALWAYS LOOKS
TIRED -



WHAT CAN
YOU EXPECT GRANNY.
I TRIED TO GET HER
TO TAKE KELLOGG'S
CORN FLAKES. BUT
SHE BARGAIN-
HUNTS EVEN
FOR FOOD

Youngsters thrive on Kellogg's Corn Flakes because Kellogg's give you back the full value for your money in quality. No other grain can touch the energy value provided by corn. And Kellogg's use only the best corn this country grows—specially cultivated white Australian corn.

Listen in to "Martin's Corner", sponsored by Kellogg's, over all leading Stations every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday night.



A Swimmer could plough through 750 yards of water on the energy supplied by a single helping of **KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES!**

KELLOGG'S
CORN FLAKES
HAVE A FLAVOUR
THAT PACKS A PUNCH
- AND NOTHING CAN
TOUCH 'EM FOR
CRISPNESS

IT WOULD TAKE 2 GOOD HELPINGS OF BACON AND TOMATOES, MORE THAN 3 EGGS, OR 3 HELPINGS OF STEWED KIDNEYS TO EQUAL THE ENERGY VALUE SUPPLIED BY A SINGLE HELPING OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES. HOW ABOUT PACKING KELLOGG'S CONCENTRATED ENERGY INTO YOUR FAMILY?



"FRESH
AS A DAISY"

Always fresh as a daisy because Kellogg's seal that oven-freshness into Corn Flakes with an extra waxlike wrapper.

Grand humor feature begins next week

"THE funniest skit on army life ever written." This description aptly explains why a nation has laughed so heartily at the letters of "Private Willie."

The letters, collected under the title of "Dear Mother," will appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly*, beginning next week, May 17.

Private Willie is a mother's loving son who has been pitchforked head first into the infantry, and his hilariously funny comments on his army duties will be appreciated by Australian readers.

Willie is a simple but cheerful soul who finds it hard to understand some of the whys and wherefores of Army routine, and his unconsciously witty reactions prove him to be a descendant of the famous Old Bill of 1914 fame.

He gets into plenty of trouble, but his very "dumbness" usually gets him out again.

Whether Willie is on guard, on night manoeuvres, on leave in the village near his camp, or just engaged on general army routine, he has some gloriously funny comment to make to his mother.

Look out for "Dear Mother" next week. You will love Private Willie, and follow his adventures with the amusement that he has already given his fellow service men.

**"IT'S
THE LONG-LIFE
ZEBO SHINE
THAT I LIKE"**



Regularly, once a week give your stove and grates a polish with Zebo. That's all you need to keep grates and stoves new looking. Zebo's long-lasting lustre gives your stove a new lease of life, keeps grates gleaming and cheerful. Use a cloth or brush, a little Zebo straight from the tin, whisk over the stove, then a quick polish. That's all. Zebo is inexpensive and economical to use. Obtainable at all Grocer's shops.



ZEBO
LIQUID
STOVE POLISH

Also ZEBRA in Paste and Packets

BICYCLES

Need **3-IN-ONE OIL**

Now only

1'

Cleans, lubricates, prevents rust

Yonder Lies Cathay

Continued from page 3

BILL remembered his first impression of the sea as a young man fresh from the cornfields of Iowa. He remembered his overwhelming disappointment at the flat, grey, dull emptiness of it—just like a cornfield on a foggy day. He wondered what she would say to it.

She stood and looked, with her head thrown back, the blue-grey of the Viking seas in her eyes, and the wind blowing through her hair. And then she said softly, her eyes seeing beyond the misty horizon, "Yonder lies Cathay."

"It isn't Cathay any more," he told her matter-of-factly. "It's China, and it's dirty and smelly, and there's a war on."

She shook her head. "Only when you get there. Away out there behind the sunset—with pagodas, and junks on jade seas, mandarins in embroidered coats, and golden dragons—that's Cathay!"

"Yes," he whispered. "I believe you're right."

"And that's Hollywood—romance and things as millions of everyday people would like them to be, only know they aren't—Cathay!"

He realised with a pang that Hollywood itself would always be that mythical Cathay to her! She would remember all her life that for a brief few days she was living in a dream, drawing closer to the sun-touched towers of Cathay, only to awake to laughter and ridicule. This was a rotten thing to do to Pitch, and a worse thing to do to Derry.

"How are you coming on?" asked Miss Costello.

Bill considered. He didn't dare tell Miss Costello exactly how he was coming on. In his own mind he knew he was pretty far gone. Last night there had been a moon and he had taken Derry sailing. Silhouetted against the moon she had sung a Viking song—standing there like a Valkyrie.

That was the kind of girl Miss Costello's mean little mind was going to make ridiculous. That was the girl whose heart was to be broken that night publicly in the Scarlet Heel.

"I've tipped off Rush Merriweather," Elise said. "And he'll be there."

"What did you tell him?" asked Bill, trying to be nonchalant.

"I told him to be on hand—that something startling would take place. He'll be there. He never misses a tip. Have you done your part?"

"As much as I can," he said coldly. Derry and Bill motored out into the hills and lunched at a rustic inn. He brought her back in time to dress in the elaborate cloth of gold gown that was to make her look

almost—but not quite—like a possible star. He knew that there was something wrong with that dress, but he didn't know that Elise had deliberately had it made to accentuate Derry's awkwardness. "Nervous?" he asked as they drove together to the Scarlet Heel. Her eyes flashed at him.

"Of course I'm nervous! Bill, for the first time I—I've disobeyed orders."

"Heavens!" he laughed in mock horror. "What have you done?"

"I didn't wear the gold dress." He drew a breath of relief. "Instead, I chose one for myself. Will Miss Costello be very angry?"

"Who cares?" asked Bill recklessly.

"That's right. After to-night—oh, Bill, do you think Mr. Pitch will like me?"

"Why shouldn't he?" grunted Bill, and knew well enough why he shouldn't and why he probably would. Bill, acting under Elise's orders, had made sure that the producer was still without his glasses. "But we never can tell about such things," he went on, trying to prepare her for the worst.

And then suddenly without warning she was in his arms, and he was saying over and over, "Honey, I love you. I love you! No matter what happens, I'll always love you. Marry me, will you? I haven't a lot of money but—well, take a chance anyway?"

"If Mr. Pitch likes me there'll be money enough for both of us," she reminded him, and he drew back. Then she laughed at him. "Of course Miss Costello's assistant makes enough to live on. Don't be silly! After supporting myself for five years on a waitress' salary I don't know how I'd ever squander such wealth!"

At the Scarlet Heel it was evident that Derry had been wise when she chose a fluffy midnight-blue chiffon gown, strapless, with a single star-shaped clip for ornament. It softened the angular lines and made her seem smaller than she really was. It made her hair shine with an added lustre and intensified her eyes. Once she had told him that dresses created a mood for her, that she played a part according to the type of gown she wore. If so, this was certainly her party frock. She was sophisticated, suave, surely poised, utterly unconscious of the glances that followed her.

They were taken straight to Mr. Pitch's table where Elise was already seated with Ramon Valdez, Pitch's new star, at her left and Pitch himself at her right. Bill was proud

of Derry as she joined the group, acknowledged introductions and slipped into her chair. The great Mr. Pitch might have been Mr. Jones for all the deference she paid him, and apparently she was entirely unmoved by the ardent glances from Ramon's slumberous dark eyes.

Elise was annoyed at the change of gown. She seemed slightly uneasy. In spite of her best efforts she could not bring the conversation around to movies. Mr. Pitch was deep in a semi-humorous conversation about the Michigan farm where Derry had grown up as Gertie Grubenstein. Derry's eyes danced, her unexpected dimples flashed, and her little chuckling laugh sounded pleasantly muted, but spontaneous.

And then, of all things, Derry and Mr. Pitch discovered a common fondness for old books. Back on the farm Grandpa Grubenstein had had a big library and some of the books were museum pieces, she had learned. Mr. Pitch forgot to drink his coffee as she told him about them. Ramon Valdez forgot his Spanish accent as he leaned forward and owned up to an interest in old prints. Bill and Elise sat back; they were out of it.

The party broke up at a scandalous hour. "Oh, yes," said Pitch, wagging a finger at Derry. "Come to my office to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock. Miss Costello tells me you can act."

Bill went home to spend a sleepless night. First he thought of Derry in his arms before he said good night, then of the way Pitch had taken to her, and Elise's plot, and how hurt Derry would be when she read Rush Merriweather's column. Before he slept the sun was rising.

"Well, this is great!" cried Derry, as she found him in the lobby of her apartment house the next morning—or rather that same morning.

She threw herself into his arms and Bill held her close and allowed himself the luxury of one last kiss before he ended her world and his own.

"I've come to take you to Pitch," he said, "but there's plenty of time for that. First I'm going to drive you out to a place I love."

They said little on the way, Derry leaning against his shoulder, her hair blowing against his cheek and the nearness of her only stiffening his resolve. They stopped on a little hill overlooking a valley where a tiny stream wound to the misty mountains beyond.

"O

NCE," said Bill, not looking at her. "I bought this piece of ground, expecting to put a house on it. I've thought of it many times—even have the plans for it—sort of like your dreams of Cathay. Only—Derry, last night I asked you to marry me. This morning I—"

"You don't feel the same way?" Derry's voice was soft and kind. He turned and looked at her. Her eyes were kind, too, kind and hurt, but mostly understanding. "I—think I know—"

"You don't!" he cried roughly because he knew he had wounded her and would have to hurt her still more. Then he took a long breath and told her the story—the whole of it—even how she had been chosen because she was so odd-looking.

"You mean—Derry's voice wasn't quite steady—"you mean you asked me to marry you last night knowing that I was a joke—that all Hollywood would be laughing at me to-day?"

"I asked you because I love you," said Bill quietly. "I still love you. You're not a joke to me—I—I guess you never were. And I used to think I loved Elise Costello until she planned this. I still love you, Derry. But I'm letting you go because I'm not worthy of you and because I've resigned from Miss Costello's agency. I'm just a chap without a job. You know what that means?"

Derry drew a long breath. "You're forgetting, Bill darling. I do know. It means eating beans as if they're caviare, and going to a cheap, cafeteria and pretending it's—the Scarlet Heel. It means dreaming about a little house on a hill with someone who loves you. Don't you see, Bill? It means really living in Cathay!"

Bill looked at the little plot of ground. It would be a long while before a house of any kind stood on it. In the meantime he could think of it and drive out to it—walk out when he had to let his car go—and say to himself, "Yonder lies Cathay." Then he forgot his dreaming, for Derry had nestled against him with an inarticulate little sound. Her arms were around his neck and her cheek was pressed against his.

Pitch found them both on his doorstep when he arrived at eleven and ushered them into his sanctum where he looked at them across a polished desk top.

Bill told his story again, and Pitch listened in silence until he had finished.

"So," he said, "I am a laughing-stock, am I? And Derry, too? That is not how I read it. Have you seen the paper this morning?"

"No," admitted Bill, "but I know what's in it, for Elise showed it to me before she sent it to him."

"So," said Pitch again, and flipped open his newspaper. "See here."

Bill and Derry exchanged incredulous glances as if neither one could believe the printed word. The columnist had met Miss Franchon, and was enthusiastic about her—"not the unnatural glamor girl of the screen"—"Pitch, with his usual daring, is taking a typical American girl and making her his 'find'."—"Derry Franchon, the personification of your sister or your best girl." He ended with the remark that Hollywood would gain a great deal in making use of such a combination of brains and charm and personality instead of just physical allure.

"Maybe—" Derry caught Bill's arm excitedly. "—maybe you can get your job back with Miss Costello, since you haven't done me any harm after all—nor Mr. Pitch either, I hope!"

Bill shook his head. "I'm still through with her. I'm jobless, Derry."

Pitch laughed. "Not exactly," he said dryly. "I'm pretty hard to work for but if you could get along with Elise Costello for three years I guess you can manage with me—heaven knows I couldn't be that bad. Want to try it—kind of talent scout for me direct instead of through her?"

"Would I?" gasped Bill. "Mr. Pitch, you're real!"

"Thanks," said Pitch seriously. "That's a compliment, I appreciate it." Then his eyes twinkled. "But don't think you can put anything over on me because I'm not wearing those spectacles. Take a good look. Notice anything?"

Bill did see something about the eyes—something different—but he couldn't quite put his finger on it.

Pitch threw himself back in his swivel chair. "I could see you perfectly last night as well as I see you both now. Look again!" He laughed joyously, excitedly. "It makes an improvement, doesn't it? Contact lenses I've got!"

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TYPIST'S ERROR



THE BOSS WAS ANGRY. NOW MISS QUIRK, THESE FINGER PRINTS SPOIL ALL YOUR WORK.



"MY HANDS WILL COST MY JOB," SHE'D SIGH...TILL SOLVOL SHE WAS URGED TO TRY.



NOW—PRIVATE SEC. TO MR. MOORE (SIX POUNDS A WEEK AND 10 TILL 4)

The message in these lines is plain...
SOLVOL gets hands clean again

Secretaries, receptionists and others should always keep a cake of Solvol handy. Its thick, clean-scented lather quickly removes all grime—leaves hands soft, white, attractive.



GENTLE AS A TOILET SOAP... GOES MUCH FARTHER.

J. KITCHEN & SONS
PTY. LTD. S.17.82



ODO-RO-DO CREAM

SAFELY STOPS
PERSPIRATION



Non-greasy — Stainless
Won't irritate skin or rot dresses
Quick! No waiting for it to dry
Use before or after shaving,
as you prefer.

1/1 and 2/1

INFORMATION wanted of BENJAMIN MILLIGAN (son of Joseph Milligan and Margaret Bower) or his widow or family. Last known address Penrith, Sydney, New South Wales. Benjamin Milligan was born Mauchline, Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1884. He resided for a time in Waverley, Ayrshire, and went to Australia about 50 years ago. He is understood to have been lost in the Bush but was survived by his widow and two daughters. Particulars to A. N. BUCHANAN & SONS, Solicitors, 124 High Street, Ayr, Scotland, Agents for Mary Milligan's Executors.

Slept like a babe—

while her hands
became softer and
whiter

"If you told me six months ago that I could go on doing all my heavy housework and looking after the garden as well, and still keep my hands as soft and as white as they are now, I wouldn't have believed it", says Mrs. M. Taber, of Menangle Park, Menangle. "As a matter of fact, I was quite resigned to the fact that my hands were going to stay red and rough. I thought it was just one of those things that do happen when you reach my age. Of course, I tried everything to make them white and soft again, but there wasn't one of all those sticky mixtures that I could bear to keep on my skin. They were awful! One day I was complaining to the chemist and he gave me some of Pond's Hand Lotion. Well, it felt so smooth and lovely on my hands—not the slightest bit greasy or sticky—that I got into the habit of rubbing it into my hands last thing at night before bed, then I'd leave it on while I slept. That's something I could never have done with those other greasy mixtures, and the results were wonderful. Now my hands are really lovely again—soft, white—and all the

housework I do doesn't seem to make the slightest bit of difference."

Your hands should have this daily protection

You know yourself all the things you do each day—housework, washing up, peeling potatoes, being out in the sun and wind—that take the beauty out of your hands and make them red and rough. Give them daily protection with Pond's Hand Lotion. Use Pond's every time you wash your hands, and before bed at night. Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin-softener—it feels silky and soothing on your hands, and keeps them soft and white. What's more, Pond's Hand Lotion is rich and concentrated. It's more economical because you actually use less of this creamy lotion!

Do this every night for soft white hands

Just before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion on to the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand-washing motion. Leave on while you sleep. A few nights of this treatment and you'll be thrilled to see how much smoother and softer your hands become. Use Pond's Hand Lotion every time you wash your hands and last thing at night before bed.

Pond's Hand Lotion is only 1/1 a bottle at all stores and chemists, and 1/10 for economical large bottle containing more than twice as much.



Women also Serve..

Volunteer drivers for heavy lorries

NEW South Wales women are tackling the job of learning to drive big lorries for war services.

They are also studying the mysteries of producer gas.

This is in response to an appeal by the State Government for 3000 emergency lorry drivers with a knowledge of producer gas.

On the first day of enrolment there was a crowd of applicants waiting at the Women's Australian National Services headquarters door long before it was opened early in the morning.

Since then volunteers have steadily registered every day.

Enrolling and training of women lorry drivers are being managed by the W.A.N.S.

"The response has been wonderful, but we need many more volunteers," said Miss Ruby Board, Director of the W.A.N.S.

She said that conditions of enrolment are that applicants must:

- 1—Have held a driver's licence for a year.
- 2—Be prepared to go anywhere at any time when called.
- 3—Weigh 8 stone 7lb. or more.
- 4—Be at least 5ft. tall.
- 5—Do a course of study of producer-gas units.
- 6—Do a St. John Ambulance first-aid course.
- 7—Be medically examined to determine fitness.

Women will be taught about producer-gas units at classes at the Technical College at Ultimo.

They will be trained in handling and driving lorries by the Master Carriers' Association.

In charge of enrolment at W.A.N.S. headquarters are Captain Aimee Barnes and Miss Florence Ferguson, joint O.C.'s of Transport Administration. Both are highly efficient car-drivers. Captain Barnes has driven her own car for years. Miss Ferguson has not only driven for many years, but she has also worked in a motor business since she left school. As she says herself,



CAPTAIN AIMEE BARNES and Miss F. Ferguson, with volunteer emergency lorry driver Mrs. P. Dearden, inspect producer-gas unit.

she can "do everything connected with cars, from turning parts on a lathe to tuning engines."

Captain Barnes said: "We have found tremendous enthusiasm in the applicants for enrolment."

"On the whole they have been older women. In fact, many women over the age-limit of 40 have applied. They have looked so fit and ready for work that we have taken their names down in a separate list. Their experience may be useful."

Typical of the applicants on the first day were Miss Mary Scott, waitress, and Miss Lillian Hook, chef, calm, capable, attractive women.

Miss Hook had six years' experience in car-driving in London. She has been in Australia for ten years. When asked her special reason for coming in to enrol so promptly, she said in her soft English voice, "I want to help. I am English."

A desire to help while their husbands are serving abroad was the motive of many of the applicants.

Little Mrs. Pat Dearden, only 5ft. 2in. tall, has her husband away in the Near East.

Social events for good causes

MAY 6.—An Englishman's Home Exhibition opens, David Jones', George Street.

MAY 6.—R.S.P.C.A. Shop, Coles' Basement, Pitt Street, Open till May 16.

MAY 6.—Cards, to aid Liquor Trades' Red Cross Queen, Carlton, 8 p.m.

MAY 8.—Musical and Bridge, to aid Marist Medical Mission Society, Carlton, 8 p.m.

MAY 9.—Musical Cocktail Party, for 2/1st Pioneer Comforts, Romano's 6 p.m.

MAY 9.—Dorothy Helmrich Recital, David Jones', George Street, for Red Cross, 8.15 p.m.

MAY 10.—Matinee at Wirth's Circus, to aid Army Queen (Miss Diana Masiel).

MAY 12.—Mother and Daughter Night, Y.W.C.A.

TOUGH OLD COUGH



YIELDS TO NEW
CANADIOL
MIXTURE

You can get to-day at any chemist or store a bottle of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture (triple acting)—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzard cold Canada—take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long. One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way"—continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more of that tough hang-on cough that nothing seems to help.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

**Buckley's
CANADIOL
MIXTURE**
Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

Growing Deaf with Head Noises? Try This

If you are growing hard of hearing and fear Catarrhal Deafness or if you have roaring, rumbling, hissing noises in your ears go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmit (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a dessertspoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who is threatened with Catarrhal Deafness or who has head noises should give this prescription a trial.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

d' d' dit dah d' dah



When this attractive girl of the Women's National Emergency Signalling Corps taps out d' d' dit dah d' dah—it means "no further message", and that's when she stops for a steaming hot cup of Bonox. Teaching Morse to the boys of the R.A.N., A.I.F. and R.A.A.F. is tiring work for Sylvia Thompson, but she loves doing it. She says: "It's the intense concentration that makes me tired, but now that the days are colder, we have a steaming hot cup of Bonox. It gives me a quick lift". Bonox pours new strength straight into your bloodstream—keeps your head above the flu line. Drop in to any hotel, cafe, or milk bar, and have a steaming cupful of Bonox. Buy some on your way home... enjoy it before bed to-night.

Klipper
ALL AUSTRALIAN
World Renowned
WOOL TIES
WASHABLE—UNCRUSHABLE

Klipper BOTANY 2/6
Klipper JUNIOR 1/9
Klipper KANGAROO 2/11
Klipper CRAFT Extra Large 3/6

Klipper
WOOL TIES

● KLIPPER SCARVES
● KLIPPER DRESSING GOWNS

★★ SO ENDS OUR NIGHT

(Week's Best Release.)

Fredric March, Margaret Sullivan.
(United Artists.)

ADAPTED from the Erich Maria Remarque novel, "Flotsam," this drama deals with Nazi persecution. It opens in Vienna in 1938 prior to Hitler's invasion of Austria.

The three central characters are Fredric March, making his "come-back" to the screen, as a courageous political opponent of the Nazis; Margaret Sullivan and Glenn Ford, who are fugitives from Germany for religious reasons.

These three are driven by the Nazi advance from one country to another, in relentless sequence, until they finally take refuge in Paris.

Touchingly portrayed by its principals—Glenn Ford is a young actor of extraordinary intuition—this long film relieves its sombreness with many human, light touches. But take your handkerchief.—Mayfair; showing.

★★ HUDSON'S BAY

Paul Muni, John Sutton. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

HOLLYWOOD turns to early Canadian history of the seventeenth century with this story of the foundation of the great fur-trading Hudson's Bay Company, which marked the beginning of British influence in the northern dominion.

A bearded Paul Muni plays the French-Canadian trapper-explorer, Pierre Radisson.

Realising the great possibilities of the Hudson's Bay area, Radisson sets out to find somebody who will finance a company and so develop the region. With him go his comrade, Gooseberry, the 21-stone Laird

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

Cregar, and an English Lord (John Sutton).

The story leads them from the heart of the frozen north among the Indians across the Atlantic to the Court of Charles II.

Playing the hero of such outdoor adventure is quite a departure for Muni. As the visionary adventurer who loves Canada, and dreams of happy people established in its open spaces, the role suits him. Nigel Bruce as Prince Rupert is excellent.—Century; showing.

★ LITTLE MEN

Kay Francis, George Bancroft. (RKO.)

TOWNE and Baker, producers of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," have freely adapted the Louisa Alcott novel of New England in the seventies.

Kay Francis is cast as Jo of "Little Women" fame, who runs a school with her professor husband.

But the story centres on Jimmy Lydon, an orphan pupil at the school, who is the protégé of kind-hearted swindler George Bancroft and his burglar-friend, Jack Oakie.

The slow tempo and saccharine sentimentality of Louisa Alcott's story are rather dull after the rapid action and sophistication of modern pictures. Although the acting is quite good, the characters are stilted and unconvincing.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ THE INVISIBLE WOMAN

Virginia Bruce, John Barrymore. (Universal.)

UNIVERSAL'S "Invisible Man" films were horror melodrama. But this studio's "Invisible Woman," which employs similar trick photography, is pure farce.

It's a nonsense tale about an elderly, eccentric professor (John Barrymore), who invents a formula to render people invisible. A discontented mannequin, Virginia Bruce, offers herself as a subject for his experiments, which are completely successful.

Like most freak shows this film grows tedious, but there are some most amusing scenes for which the trick photography is not solely responsible. Slapstick from Charles Ruggles and from a slightly deranged-looking Barrymore rate laughs.—Cameo and Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Philadelphia Story. Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart in delightful modern comedy.—Liberty; 4th week.

★★★ Tin Pan Alley. Alice Faye, Betty Grable in heart-warming Broadway musical.—Regent; 4th week.

★★ North-West Mounted Police.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll in spectacular Canadian adventure in technicolor.—Prince Edward; 5th week.

★★ Santa Fe Trail. Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland in absorbing pre-Civil War adventure.—Plaza; 4th week.

★★ Boom Town. Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr in entertaining oil-fields melodrama.—St. James; 4th week.

★★ Under Your Hat. Cicely Courtneidge, Jack Hulbert in joyous English farce.—Embassy; 2nd week.

★★ Second Chorus. Fred Astaire, Paulette Goddard in comedy with swing music.—State; 2nd week.

Documentary

MASTERY OF THE SEA

British Ministry of Information Short (Ealing.)

THE release of this British Ministry of Information short, which surveys England's sea might to-day, comes at a timely moment.

It deals with the work of the cruisers, destroyers, battleships, Fleet Air Arm, and planes of the Coastal Command, illustrating what part each plays in guarding England's shores and protecting its merchantmen.

Particularly absorbing and stirring is its account of the convoy system.

While unfolded at a leisurely pace, "Mastery of the Sea" is, like most of these British Ministry of Information films, both informative and entertaining. The photography is notable.—City and Newsreel Theatres; showing.

Here's hot news!

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York and Barbara Bouchier in Hollywood

THAT attractive six-year-old, Carolyn Lee, who made her screen debut in "Honeymoon in Bali" eighteen months ago, has a new contract with Paramount, which means she will earn £11,700 this year.

Under the terms of the contract, which was approved by the Superior Court in Los Angeles last week, little Carolyn is to receive £390 a week for three pictures that will be made this year.

The agreement guarantees her ten weeks' salary for each picture and a six weeks' holiday after each job.

Carolyn's second picture is "Virginia," which she has just finished, with Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray, who were the stars of "Honeymoon in Bali."

MGM bought all the Swedish bread and cakes from local shops for blocks around for scenes for "A Woman's Face," Joan Crawford's new film. It has a Swedish background.

SIMPLICITY marked the marriage ceremony of Ilona Massey and Alan Curtis, which took place in a small chapel just outside Hollywood.

Ilona's aunt and Alan's brother and sister-in-law were the only witnesses.

Their honeymoon has been postponed until June, when the stars go to South America on Miss Massey's singing tour.

Looking very lovely in her tan gabardine suit with its spray of orchids, the blonde Ilona announced she had signed a new contract to make films with Edward Small Productions.

GARBO has contributed so much to the community chest (the local charities) that her latest cheque was returned to her with the statement that "she had far exceeded the amount expected of her."

This is another proof that Garbo's reputation for meanness is entirely unjustified.

KATHARINE HEPBURN is taking rhumba lessons.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE's brother Jack is now an instructor of dramatics at Stanford University.



Are you only HALF the man
you could be?

Why get up in the mornings feeling half asleep?
Why go off to work feeling half alive?
And come home in the evening feeling half dead?
What you need, my boy, is a tonic!

Kruschen Salts will buck you up.
Kruschen cleanses your stomach, makes you ready for meals. Kruschen flushes your kidneys, braces your liver, clears your system of poisons, neutralises acidity, sweetens your breath, invigorates your blood. Kruschen washes you internally. Kruschen puts you into top gear.

KRUSCHEN

The TONIC Salts

Kruschen does not form a habit, so there is never need to increase the dose—as much as will cover a sixpence; tasteless in tea; almost tasteless in hot water. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at chemists and stores.

K3.18.41

COSMETIC CLASSICS



by helena rubinstein

Helena Rubinstein's matchless "PASTEURISED" FACE CREAM brings greater beauty day by day. Her BEAUTIFYING SKIN-FOOD is just such a spectacular success—also BEAUTY GRAINS, and TOWN AND COUNTRY FOUNDATION—the acknowledged Classics of Cosmetics!

"PASTEURISED" FACE CREAM—Women everywhere rely completely on "Pasteurised" to keep their skin soft and smooth. Excellent massage cream and superb cleanser. 3/5.

BEAUTIFYING SKIN-FOOD—for women with dull, yellow, weather-beaten skins. Makes skin glow, come to life, and keeps it in excellent condition. 5/-.

BEAUTY GRAINS—for those who like to "wash" their faces. Rids skin of stale make-up, oiliness, blackheads. Gives a fresh, clean-scrubbed look. 3/5.

TOWN AND COUNTRY FOUNDATION—a beauty treatment under your make-up! It keeps your powder fresh all day with a beautiful pearliness. Conceals tiny lines, preserves natural skin moisture. 4/2.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S FACE POWDERS—soft as mist on your face; last for hours. No streaking or caking. Exquisite skin-blending shades. From 4/2.

Helena Rubinstein

London Toronto New York

82 Castlereagh Street Sydney
And at all the smarter stores and chemists throughout Australia.

The Movie World

May 10, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

21

Beardless

ROMEOS

**JACKIE COOPER AND
MICKEY ROONEY
OFFER CONTRASTS
IN COURTSHIP**

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD dandy Mickey Rooney and tousle-haired eighteen-year-old Jackie Cooper are my choice for this town's leading bachelors.

They have more fun and more "dates" than any two of the older young men about town.

But you won't find Jackie or Mickey squabbling over their girl friends. These two budding Romeos move in separate social circles.

Jackie's the high school pal, Mickey fancies himself the man of the world.

Tall, athletic Jackie is leader of the Hollywood gang of sub-debs. His pals are Marcia Mae Jones, Edith Fellows, but his best girl is seventeen-year-old Bonita Granville.

Jackie thinks Bonita is a great scout. Bonita admires the way Jackie plays the drums. They're the best pair of jitterbugs in their set—and that's saying something.

Even Jane Withers is not too young to merit Jackie's attentions. He sometimes takes the plump, fun-loving Janie out to a show—when homely Joe E. Brown, her fervent admirer, is busy with his lessons.

But blue-eyed, five-foot-nothing Mickey limits his invitations to the real glamor girls—preferably about twenty, brunette, and not too tall.

His No. 1 girl friend is the fascinating, dark-eyed Linda Darnell, and when Linda's otherwise engaged it's Gene Tierney or Sheila Ryan.



● **IN THE STUDIO:** Seventeen-year-old Bonita Granville and eighteen-year-old Jackie Cooper, who make pictures for MGM. They were together in "Gallant Sons," but Jackie is playing Lano Turner's young brother in "The Ziegfeld Girl," and Bonita has an adult role in the new "Dr. Kildare" film.



● **OFF THE SET:** Jackie and Bonita are leaders of the Hollywood sub-deb, social set. Above: Jackie has fun riding a hobby horse in a local night club, while Bonita laughingly cheers him on.

MICKEY has plenty of rivals for Linda's affections—the latest is Jaime Jorba, from Mexico City. But the youthful heartbreaker can take it. The stiffer the competition, the better he likes it.

When Jackie makes a date he'll ring up Bonita at the last minute.

Then he'll take her dancing to some night club on the Sunset Strip where the gang is sure to be. They'll all get a table together and have

By **JOAN McLEOD** in
Hollywood

lots of fun. Jackie might even leave Bonita to her own devices for an hour or two while he goes off and plays the drums with the boys in the orchestra.

But when Mickey steps out it's white tie and tails, a chrysanthemum in the buttonhole, car and chauffeur to call for the girl, orchids for her corsage, and a table for two in some snug corner.

Mickey will order in the biggest

way, with a poise worthy of a man twice his years.

Mickey and Judy Garland, who used to have their school desks side by side, now wave courteously to each other when they meet at Ciro's or some other night spot—Judy on the arm of her fiancé Dave Rose, Martha Raye's ex-husband, Mickey at the elbow of some gorgeously-gowned young thing.

Yes, what Jackie thinks is fun is kid-stuff to Mickey. But you never can tell. After all, Jackie is still in his teens, and Mickey's nearing man's estate.

It's surprising what a difference a couple of years make in a man.

Tomboy into beauty

MAUREEN O'HARA AND HER STUDIO HAVE SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF THE GIRL WHO MADE HERSELF PLAIN

From CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood



● Tomboy Maureen O'Hara, with her flying hair and brogueed shoes, her tomboy clothes and blunt manner, was the despair of RKO, which saw its most promising starlet looking like this.

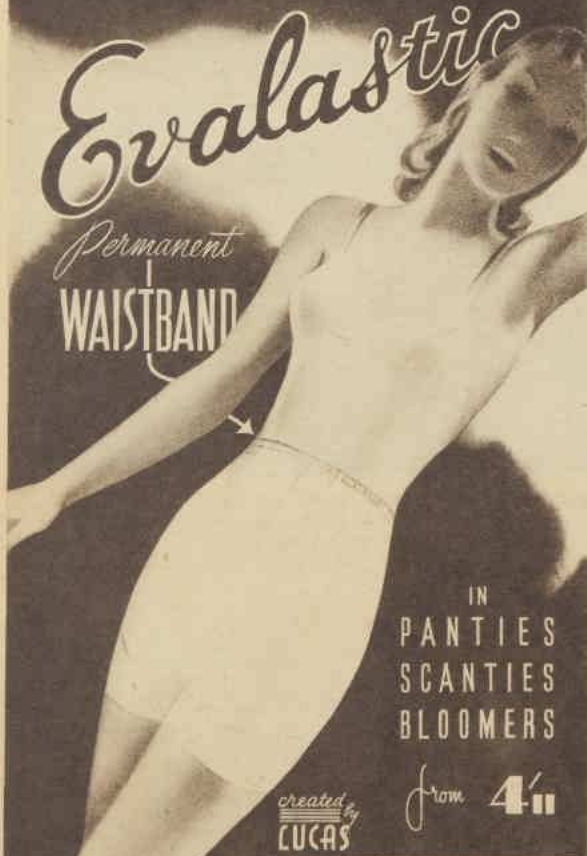


● Beauty Maureen O'Hara, of the regal hair-do and daring gowns. One film, RKO's "They Met in Argentina," has transformed her.

Guaranteed
TO LAST THE LIFE OF THE GARMENT

Evalastic

Permanent
WAISTBAND



All good Stores stock Evalastic Underwear, write us and we will tell you the name of the one nearest to you. E. Lucas & Co., Pty. Ltd., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne C.I.

ADD a new name to your list of Hollywood glamor girls—the name of Maureen O'Hara.

The Irish girl has a new public and private personality.

She is stunning, she is sophisticated, she is beautiful—and one role did it all.

Now that it is all over I can tell you that Maureen had in recent months become a problem to RKO—and herself.

The studio fretted because Maureen would toss away all her appeal as soon as she walked out the gates. She would go swimming in an awful navy-blue wool outfit, would turn up tousled and freckled to see important visitors, would clump about in dull, hearty jumpers and skirts.

Maureen fretted because she felt she was being typed as a sorrowful girl. In "A Bill of Divorcement's" gloomy shadows she was the lass with the broken heart. In "Dance, Girls, Dance," she was a subdued, arty miss.

As with all the Irish, Maureen's spirits reacted on her appearance. She began to look as lustreless and homely as she felt.

Then came plans for "They Met in Argentina." The central role in this musical is that of a Spanish-Irish beauty, the vivacious daughter of an Argentine land-baron, who bears the flamboyant name of Lolita O'Shea.

Maureen went to RKO heads and begged to play the part. She had the touch of brogue, she had the talent, and couldn't she be gay and glamorous on the screen for once?

Maureen got the coveted assignment, and immediately went into ardent conference with make-up expert Mel Berna and costume designer Eddie Stevenson.

She emerged at last stunningly clothed as a sophisticated daughter of the dons, her wealth of chestnut-

bronze hair coiled into a regal tiara, her skin restored by creams to its natural, fine pallor to set off her grey-green eyes.

The startling loveliness which has had painters and cameramen raving ever since she came to Hollywood had been brought into full bloom.

"But just you wait!" groaned one photographer, "as soon as she gets away from work she'll be disguised in tumbled hair and tomboy clothes again."

He was wrong.

Maureen has adopted Lolita's hair-dress and her beautifully styled costumes for her private life, too.

The first time she walked into a crowded restaurant looking soignée, smart, individual, a woman said at the top of her voice, "You can't tell ME that's tomboy O'Hara. I don't believe it! Why, this girl's lovely!"

The change is as marked as that. The forthrightness of yesterday, which endeared her to all who knew a fresh wind with the tang of salt on it—well, that is still present. But now it bears a patina of both dignity and sophistication.

It's a nice thing, though, about Maureen. When the new flattery gets too blatant, she twinkles: "And when did you kiss the Blarney Stone?"

TRUE ROMANCE

surrounds the woman with a

PERFECT COMPLEXION

but to get a perfect complexion, CONSTANT care of the skin is necessary, and that is why lovely women prefer Corinne Rose Cream as their powder base. Because it is the unique, natural beauty emulsion, Corinne Rose Cream takes constant care of your complexion. All day, every day—in sun, surf, and wind—Corinne Rose Cream protects, beautifies, and keeps your skin smooth and lovely beyond words.

Bottles 2/6 and 1/6. Tubes 1/6, at chemists and beauty stores.

Corinne ROSE CREAM
THE ONE POWDER BASE
THAT BEAUTIFIES



Cadbury's DAIRY MILK *Chocolate*



A GLASS & A HALF OF
FULL CREAM DAIRY MILK
IN EVERY HALF-POUND BLOCK.

DMIFPI



1 **HER MOTHER** (Dorothy Peterson) and faithful beau, Sam (William Gargan), rejoice with Ella Bishop (Martha Scott) when she graduates.



2 **BECAUSE** teaching is her goal, Ella rejects Sam, but falls in love with visitor Del Thompson (Donald Douglas).



3 **ON THE EVE** of her marriage, a heart-broken Ella learns from her defiant cousin (Amy) that the latter and Del have been having an affair.



4 **SAM SEES** that Amy marries Del, and the pair leave town, while Ella takes up again her joyfully discarded teaching at her old school, where she is loved by all.



5 **DESERTED** and dying, Amy sends her baby to Ella, who accepts guardianship of the child, but refuses Sam's plea to marry him.



6 **THE YEARS** bring Ella hope of real happiness with Professor Stevens (Sidney Blackmer), but he is a married man.

Results of
authentic
NATIONAL SURVEY
conducted
among thousands
of dentists

DENTISTS SELECT IPANA FOR THEIR OWN USE 3 TO 1 OVER ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE!



Yes -- Ipana is used by three times as many dentists as any other dentifrice! Let their example help lead you to healthier gums—to brighter, more sparkling teeth!

IF YOU want to give your teeth, your gums, your smile daily care with the same dentifrice that so many dentists use personally . . .

Then change to Ipana Tooth Paste to-day!

That is the lesson of the recent Survey . . . an independent survey conducted among thousands of dentists throughout the Commonwealth! Here are the actual findings of this remarkable national survey:

Three times as many dentists personally use Ipana as any other dental preparation—paste or powder. In fact, more than the next three dentifrices combined!

Remember, this overwhelming preference for Ipana comes from those who know most about proper care of teeth and gums.

Get Ipana from your chemist to-day—the tooth paste specially designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums! Discover for yourself the value of Ipana and massage to healthier gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile!

SEE YOUR DENTIST at least twice a year to enable him to discover and check any unsuspected dental defects.

HELP MAKE GUMS FIRMER, TEETH BRIGHTER, WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE!



They call her . . .

A feminine Mr. Chips

THE schoolteacher heroine of "Cheers for Miss Bishop" is known to American Press and public as "a feminine Mr. Chips."

Unlike Mr. Chips, she works in an American co-educational school. But, like Mr. Chips, she has a life starred with romance and heart-break, warmed always by her work among generations of young people.

United Artists chose Martha Scott to play Miss Bishop, who is the creation of American novelist Bess Streeter Aldrich.

Martha accepted the assignment with great enthusiasm, although she wonders when Hollywood will allow her to stay the same age.

In her first film, "Our Town," she matured from a young schoolgirl into a married woman of eight years' standing.

In her second film, "Tree of



7 **WANTING** security for Amy's daughter (Marsha Hunt), Ella parts from Stevens.

Liberty," she opened the film as a debutante, closed it by having grown-up sons.

In "Cheers for Miss Bishop," Martha ages from a girl of 17 to a woman of 73.

In this picture, however, she is accompanied along the path of age by William Gargan, who appears on the screen as an old man for the first time.



THE DIRECTOR—and His JOB



● That faraway look in Ginger Rogers' eyes is really concentration. She is listening to director Garson Kanin giving her instructions for her RKO film, "Tom, Dick and Harry."

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York

an entertaining story; it is his job to treat his plot with all the facilities of the screen."

And Kanin pointed his statement with an illustration. In a film called "Queer People" it had to be shown that a man had begun to fall out of love with his wife. They wrote a party sequence, which showed the husband's perfunctory conduct to his wife: it proved too uninteresting, and too long.

Director Leo McCarey came to the rescue. He showed the husband and wife riding in a lift—just the two of them. The husband kept his hat on—but, when a strange woman entered the lift, he took his hat off.

Now you can see why there are several types of directors. Alfred Hitchcock, for his brilliant suspense touches in melodrama;

Frank Capra, for his heart-warming quirks of humanity; Ernst Lubitsch, for his impertinent treatment of daring, frothy situations; and, of course, Charles Chaplin, for being Charles Chaplin, are among the individualists.

The specialists include Frank Lloyd, who handles mostly patriotic, period themes; Mitchell Leisen, who takes "glamor" stories; Victor Schertzinger, whose first musical, "One Night of Love," starred Grace Moore; William A. Wellman, who does aviation films.

The "backbone of the studio" type is the man who handles any type of story, and always does a good, workmanlike, successful job. These men include Edward H. Griffith, Louis King, Frank Borzage, Jack Conway,

● Director Alfred Hitchcock (above) analyses his murder-drama, "Before the Fact," for his leading lady, Joan Fontaine.



● Group from "One Night in Lisbon" (left) includes Fred MacMurray, Madeleine Carroll, director Edward H. Griffith (standing).



● An office conference is taking place here between RKO's new French star, Michele Morgan, and producer David Hempstead about her first Hollywood film, "Journey Into Fear."



2/6
4/2

10 flattering shades, 6 delightful perfumes.

Dip your fingers in "Air-Spun" Face Powder . . . it feels as if you had dipped your hand in a cloud! Smooth "Air-Spun" on your face . . . the texture seems to melt onto your skin . . . new, fresher coloring blooms in your complexion! These flatteries were born in racing streams of air! Coty creates artificial "cyclones" to buff texture, blend shades to new delicacy! Only one powder in all the world is made this dramatic way! Try it!



The Truth about Lipstick



Why Cashmere Bouquet is better value

When you buy a lipstick, you want one that goes on easily, stays put longer and gives your lips a smooth, colourful finish. Knowing this, scientists in the great cosmetic laboratories of the House of Colgate have been busy for years perfecting a formula to give you just these qualities. Cashmere Bouquet Colourfast Lipstick, in a magnificent range of modern fashion colours, is easy to apply, is very indelible and gives the lips a glowing, satiny finish. For over three generations now, the House of Colgate has been famous for the purity of their exquisite beauty preparations. Cashmere Bouquet Colourfast Lipstick carries on this fine tradition.

Cashmere Bouquet is the largest selling lipstick in Australia . . .

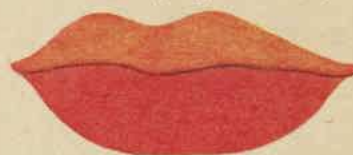
The proof of the lipstick is in the selling! Modern Australian women know a good lipstick when they try one and they quickly realized that Cashmere Bouquet Colourfast was a lipstick made to their requirements. More lipstick for your money . . . glorious colours in a larger range . . . and a very good-looking tube make Colourfast the largest selling lipstick in Australia.

Cashmere Bouquet is *Colourfast*

TRY this simple and convincing test!

Take your Colourfast Lipstick and any other similarly priced lipstick you like. First apply your Colourfast on your lower lip, then apply the other lipstick on your upper lip. Leave for three or four minutes, then wipe off excess with a tissue. Now, let your mirror tell the story. See how Colourfast colour stays on your lower lip and how satiny smooth it is!

Test for yourself against any other similarly priced lipstick



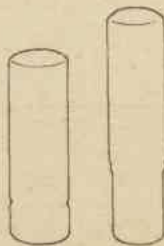
This will be the result of your test. Note the strength of colour on the lower lip, to which Cashmere Bouquet COLOURFAST has been applied.



Compare the Size.. for Value !

Cashmere Bouquet Colourfast was the first lipstick in Australia to sponsor Harmonised make-up

Cashmere Bouquet has always been first in the fashion field with new colours. Remember the Cyclamen sensation that swept Australia and how eagerly Australian women bought Cashmere Bouquet to keep in step with the new vogue. And now the new Winter Reds . . . Royal Red . . . Signal Red . . . Orchid Red . . . a range of rich, glowing reds that pick up the colour note in the 1941 fashion shades.



Go into any chemist and ask to see a Cashmere Bouquet 1/1 Colourfast Lipstick and any other similarly priced lipstick they have in stock. Line them up on the counter before you. Take the caps off and propel the actual lipstick to full length. Right before your eyes you see proof of our statement that you're getting more lipstick for your money with Cashmere Bouquet Colourfast.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK...

Here's a staggering offer to demonstrate the confidence Colgate's have in their Colourfast Lipstick. Buy a Colourfast Lipstick to-day and if you are not entirely satisfied . . . if you don't find that the Colourfast Lipstick is everything we claim it to be, then send it back to Colgate-Palmolive Pty. Limited, Box 2701 C, G.P.O., Sydney, together with your name and address, and double your money will be refunded.

Cashmere Bouquet

Colourfast
LIPSTICK

FASHION PORTFOLIO

May 10, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

27

NIGHT GLAMOR . . . in wool



● A superb, three-quarter length boxy coat, worn over a black sheath frock and done in the brightest of bright-red wool with opulent gold braid embroidery round the neck and up the sides.

● Young-hearted dirndl made in sheer wool, as filmy as chiffon, with a shadowy black pattern printed on a white ground. The spinning skirt and draped top are gathered into a broad cummerbund of black velvet.

Models from the Australian Wool Board were photographed in natural color by Our Staff Photographer.

VIVACIOUS STYLE for YOUNG MODERNS

MATERIALS Required:
6 skeins "Sunbeam"
crepe wool, shade No.
1531 (elf-green); 2 pairs
needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 3 but-
tons.

Measurements: Length from top of
shoulder, 19½ in.; bust, 32¾ in.
Length of sleeve seam, 43 in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st.,
stitch; tog., together.

Tension: 7 sts., 1 in.; 9 rows, 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 96
sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in.
(working 1st row into back of sts.).
Change to No. 10 needles and work

in st-st., increasing 1 st. each end
of every 8th row until increased to
112 sts. When work measures 12½ in.
shape armholes by casting off 4 sts.
at beginning of next 2 rows. K 2
tog. each end of next 4 rows, then
every 2nd row 4 times. When arm-
holes measure 4 in. work as follows:—

Next Row: K 16 (leave on spare
needle), cast off 56 sts., k 16.

Continue in st-st. on last 16 sts.
and when armhole measures 7 in. cast
off 8 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd

row twice. Join wool and work other
side to correspond.

BACK YOKE (2 Pieces)

Using No. 10 needles cast on 36
sts.

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: K 4, p to end.

Repeat last 2 rows, making button-
holes as follows: 1st one being 1 in.
from lower edge and 2 more 1 in.
apart.

Buttonholes.—1st Row: K 2, cast
off 2 sts. p to end of row.

2nd Row: K to last 2 sts., cast on
2 sts., k 2.

When work measures 3½ in. cast
off 10 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd
row twice. Cast off. Work other
side of yoke to correspond, work-
ing border at opposite end and
omitting buttonholes. Make ½ in. hem
along lower edge, overlapping the
4 garter-sts., and sew on to back of
jumper.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles cast on 116
sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in.
(working 1st row into back of sts.).
Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: K 3, * p 1, k 1, repeat
from * to last 5 sts., p 1, k 4.

2nd Row: P 4, * k 1, p 1, repeat
from * to last 4 sts., k 1, p 3.

3rd Row: K 5, * p 1, k 1, repeat
from * to last 7 sts., p 1, k 6.

4th Row: P 6, * k 1, p 1, repeat
from * to last 6 sts., k 1, p 5.

5th Row: K 7, * p 1, k 1, repeat
from * to last 9 sts., p 1, k 8.

6th Row: P 8, * k 1, p 1, repeat
from * to last 8 sts., k 1, p 7.

Continue in this way, working 2
more sts. each end of every k row
in st-st. until all sts. are in st-st.,
at the same time increase 1 st. each
end of every 8th row until increased
to 132 sts. When work measures

12½ in. shape armholes by casting off
4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.
K 2 tog. each end of next 4 rows,
then every 2nd row 4 times. When
work measures 2½ in. work as follows:

Next Row: K 54 (leave remaining
sts.).

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts., work to
end of row.

Continue on last 48 sts. and cast
off 8 sts. at centre every 2nd row
until decreased to 16 sts. When
armhole measures 7 in. shape shoulder
by casting off 8 sts. at armhole
edge every 2nd row twice. Join
wool and work other side to corre-
spond.

FRONT YOKE

Using No. 10 needles cast on 4 sts.
Work in st-st., casting on 6 sts.
each end of every 2nd row until
increased to 32 sts., then 8 sts. every
2nd row until increased to 68 sts.
Continue in st-st. until work
measures 4 in. from commencement.

Next Row: K 20 (leave on spare
needle), cast off 28 sts., k 20.

Continue on last 20 sts. for 2½ in.,
then cast off 10 sts. at armhole
edge every 2nd row twice. Join wool
and work other side to correspond.
Make ½ in. hem around edges and
sew on to front, easing front of
jumper at corners.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 72
sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ in.
(working 1st row into back of sts.).
Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row,
increasing in every 3rd st. (96 sts.).
Work in st-st. and when work
measures 4½ in. k 2 tog. each end of
every 2nd row until decreased to 24
sts. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES (if required)

Using No. 12 needles cast on 60
sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in.



AN EASY-TO-KNIT jumper
that features a very flattering neck-
line and dainty puff sleeves.

(working 1st row into back of sts.).
Change to No. 10 needles and work
in st-st., increasing 1 st. each end
of every 8th row until increased to
90 sts. When work measures 19 in.
k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row
until decreased to 24 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp
cloth. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves
around armholes. Make ½ in. hem
around neck edge of yoke. Sew
buttons on back. Using colored
wools, embroider yoke as shown in
illustration.

Okay! Be
a Wet
Blanket...
But I'm
Going Out!



ALICE: "Even if you are
my sister, I think Jim's
and love it, if you'd wear Preservers are adorable!"
right. All you do is sit at
home. You act like a
grandmother!"

SALLY: "You wouldn't
be so peppy either, if your
feet hurt. I simply can't
dance."

JIM: "Darling I haven't had such
a wonderful time since we first
danced together. Now, you're my
best gal again!"

SALLY: "Thanks to my new Arch
Preserver shoes! They've given me
a new lease on life!"

HOMAR — Hand-
some tie with stitch-
ed vamp and throat.

VIVIAN — A head
trim on delightful
soft suede.

SPUR — Novel
throated step-in of
suede and calf.

SAVOY — A graceful
tie with intricate
stitching.

TAKE A NEW LEASE ON LIFE... IN

Selby ARCH PRESERVER Shoes

MADE BY Selby... THE WORLD'S GREATEST NAME IN WOMEN'S SHOES

FREE! "HOW TO WALK." An amazingly interesting book by Alma Archer,
America's famous authority on smartness. Write to Selby Shoes (Australia) Ltd.,
53 Henwick Street, Redfern, Sydney.

SELBY SHOES (Australia) LTD., 53 Henwick St, Redfern, SYDNEY

For outdoor girls...

• If you are a sporty
type you won't be
able to resist knitting
this classic sleeveless
pullover.

MATERIALS: 3oz. of yellow Nur-
sery "Vivella" knitting yarn, 3-
ply; 2oz. of brown Nursery "Vivella"
knitting yarn, 3-ply; 1 pair each Nos.
12 and 10 "Vivella" knitting needles.

Measurements: Length from
shoulder at armhole end, 19 in.; bust,
34 in.

Tension: 15 sts. to 2 in. when
pressed.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl;
s, slip; st., stitch; sts., stitches;
rep., repeat; rem., remain-der-ing;
beg., beginning.

M.B.: Work into back of every
cast-on st. of first row.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles and yellow
wool cast on 127 sts. Work in rib
of k 1, p 1 for a depth of 4 in. Change
to No. 10 needles and pattern as
follows:—

1st Row: K 3, * s 1, k 3, rep. from
* to end.

2nd Row: P 3, * s 1 purlwise, p 3,
rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: With brown wool, k 1,
s 1, * k 3, s 1, rep. from * to end,
K 1.

4th Row: With brown wool, p 1,
s 1, * p 3, s 1, rep. from * to end,
P 1.

These four rows form patt. Rep.
patt. till work meas. 12 in., then shape
for armholes. Cast off 6 at beg. of
next 4 rows. Cast off 3 at beg. of
next 4 rows. Cont. on rem. 91 sts.
till work meas. 19 in. Cast off 9 at
beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off rem.

FRONT

Work as instructed for back until
work meas. 12 in., then shape for
armholes and neck thus:—

Next Row: Cast off 6, patt. 58,
slip rem. 63 sts. on to a spare needle.

Next Row: Patt.

Next Row: Cast off 6, patt. to end.

Next Row: Patt.

Next Row: Cast off 3, patt. till 2
rem., k 2 tog.

Next Row: Patt.

Next Row: Cast off 3, patt. to end.

Next Row: Patt.

Next Row: Patt. till 2 rem., k 2 tog.
Continue in pattern with armhole
end straight but k 2 tog. at neck end
every 4th row till 27 sts. rem. Cont.



TEAM this pullover with a smart
blouse and tailored wool skirt and
you are guaranteed to steal the
limelight at any sporty gathering.

on 27 sts. till work measures 19 in.
Cast off 9 at beg. of next 3 armhole
end rows. Pick up sts. from spare
needle, join on wool to neck edge
and work to match opposite side.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles and yellow
wool cast on 2 sts.

1st Row: K 1, p 1.

2nd Row: K 1, inc. in next st.

3rd Row: Inc. in first st., rib 2.

Continue in rib of k 1, p 1, and inc.
on one side of work every row till
14 sts. are on needle. Cont. on 14
sts. till work meas. 23 in., then k 2
tog. every row on same side as you
worked increases till 2 rem. Cast off.

RIBBING FOR ARMHOLES

With No. 12 needles and yellow
wool cast on 14 sts. and rib for 20 in.
Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side with a
warm iron over a damp cloth. Sew
seams. Sew on neck ribbing with
shaped ends to centre front. Sew on
armhole ribbing and finally press
seams.



MORLEY
"VELNIT"
Underwear

"Velnit"—Morley's exclusive new wonder fabric
has the softness and absorbency of wool, the
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ordinary wool, cotton, or silk. "Velnit" is ideal
for sensitive skins.

- Ideal for every occasion
- Soft and luxurious
- Absorbent yet non-irritating
- Exceptionally hygienic
- Unshrinkable and durable

ASK FOR MORLEY'S "VELNIT"
AT ALL LEADING STORES



CHEERING UP YOUR SUIT



● Wear a grey costume, tailored to a T, and just for fun plank a red halo-bonnet at the back of your head to show your pompadour.



● That indispensable black wool suit with its moulded, long-torso jacket and slightly flared skirt is brightened with eye-catching green accessories.



● For that story-book charm you can't beat this frothy blouse of finest muslin, with long, full sleeves and a tiny yoke and cravat outlined with delicate white lace.

● A young blouse in yellow tie-silk, with a row of pin-tucks giving fullness under the tailored yoke. A narrow, white ruffled edging adds further charm.



● The perfect blouse to wear with a collarless suit. Made in sheer, spotted wool with the front draped up high to the neck, and two large loops popping out over the neck cord.



● An elegant suit in grey wool with white chalk stripes. The jacket is outlined in stop-red braid to match the glowing red suede accessories.



● Another foil for the pompadour hair-do — the dramatically simple, wide-brimmed bonnet interpreted in brilliant green felt.

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the Modern way!

SERVE DIRECT FROM OVEN TO TABLE

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ONE good Pyrex dish deserves another. A Pyrex casserole, for instance, deserves individual Pyrex dishes for other piping dainties. For your pies, your puddings, your baked vegetables, for every oven recipe on the modern menu there's an appropriate, attractive, inexpensive dish of Agee Pyrex—the ovenware which is tableware as well. Better and easier cooking; improved flavour; less washing up—these are the rewards of using Pyrex. Whether you buy the crystal clear type or the delightful pastel shades—keep on building up your Pyrex set until it is complete. You'll discover that the more Pyrex you have the more economical and attractive your meals become. It adds new delight to meals—new scope to the household budget.

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Please send me, free and post free, copy of your recipe book containing many novel dishes and details of the Agee Pyrex range.

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HIGH . . . WIDE . . . and HANDSOME

• "Anything goes" is the slogan of the New York millinery designers . . . so long as it's gay and flattering . . . and just a little flippant.

Sketched by Petrov



• (One) A wide-brimmed hat of brown stitched felt, with quaint picot edge and banded in orange, gold, and green.

• (Two) Super-exotic cocktail turban made of shirred velvet in coral and black done-in a high, leafy effect.

• (Three) A large pompadour hat of the most supple black felt, shirred all over and trimmed with a gold insignia.

• (Four) The deep-back, widow's peak brim pompadour hat made of black faille, with tiny black velvet bows in front.

• (Five) Bright-red, long-haired beaver felt in a large mushroom, worn above a black gros-grain headband.

• (Six) A swashbuckling brim rakishly upturned at one side and small, puffed crown done in glowing red suede.

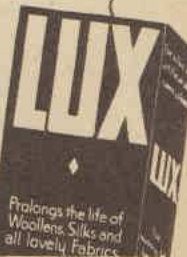
• (Seven) The youthful deep cloche of platinum felt with shallow latticed crown, banded in cinnamon-brown.

• (Eight) The mad little felt bowler adapted from picturesque South American costume, and softened with clump of daisies.

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WON'T JEAN BE FURIOUS
— WITH STOCKINGS
SO PRECIOUS !**

**WELL WHY DOESN'T
SHE LUX US EVERY
NIGHT ? WE'D LAST
TWICE AS LONG !**

LUX can save you pounds on stockings! A LUX dip straight after wearing whisks out perspiration acids, restores stocking E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y and so saves ladders!



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or the last Kiss...*



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still glow with warm, exciting colour

Pond's "Lips" will break men's hearts, but never your own—because Pond's "Lips" stay on much longer. And, Pond's "Lips" are as glamorous in the bright sunlight as under the glare of electric light. Each shade is blended scientifically to keep its warm, rich colour. Six smart shades of Pond's Lipstick to choose from at all chemists and stores.



POND'S

Lipstick "A"

Lipstick "B"

Make this test. Apply Pond's Lipstick to your palm. Apply beside it any other lipsticks. Leave on four minutes. Wipe off excess with tissue, then see for yourself which leaves a deeper, more permanent colouring.

Pond's Lipstick *stays on longer*

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... and it has the softest,
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Thousands of Australian women just like yourself answered this question: "If you could have your powder made to order, what features would you want most?" This is what they said. "Give us a face powder that—1. Has the softest, finest texture possible. 2. Really clings for hours and hours. 3. Is glare-proof, so that it flatters the skin in bright sunlight or under hard electric lights. 4. Give us a wide choice of skin tones."

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FACE POWDER**

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FINEST TEXTURE OF ALL

CLINGS FOR
HOURS AND HOURS

IT'S
GLAREPROOF

WIDE CHOICE
OF SKIN TONES



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F1865. — Delicate, lace-trimmed blouse with flowing peasant sleeves. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 36ins. wide, and 3½yds. lace insertion. Pattern, 1/4.

F2107. — Dashing suit with swing skirt and longish jacket, designed for young things 2 to 8 years. Requires: 1½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

F3216. — Simple but very smart day frock with unusual pocket treatment. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and ¼yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3204. — Clever new treatment for stripes, and special accent on the waist. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½yds., 54ins. wide, and ¼yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2108. — Smart, double-breasted suit with quaint pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and ¼yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3205. — Tailored, jumper-style frock with gathered top and pleated skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2106. — Dramatic evening style with clever drapery. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 6 to 7yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

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Special Concession PATTERN

Three slim-making styles for the matron. Sizes 38, 40, 42-inch busts. No. 1.—Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. No. 2.—Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. No. 3.—Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide.

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TOWN Pattern Coupon, 10/8/41
SIZE

Please Note!

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Nyal Figsen
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 1/1 HINDS
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 Camellia Vintana will be sent free.
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EXQUISITE TROUSSEAU SET

NEEDLEWORK Notions



No. 86

No. 86. Take the chill out of
 children with this warm flannel-
 ette nightie cut in sizes to fit 2
 to 6 years.

● If you love dainty things
 you won't be able to resist
 the charm of this set, which
 looks as though it's destined
 to end in a trousseau.

THESE undies look so pretty and so
 professional that you would never
 guess they are really quite easy to make.

The pattern is obtainable from our Needle-
 work Department, cut in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch
 bust.

Full instructions for cutting and making are
 given with each pattern.

Paper pattern, 2/6, complete set.

Transfer for applique embroidery. Price 1/6
 extra, or each pattern may be obtained indi-
 vidualy. Price, 1/3 each.

Sleepy-time charm ... cosy floral nightie

A CHARMING nightie to keep small
 girls warm on wintry nights. It is
 obtainable from our Needlework De-
 partment, traced on good quality
 flannelette with small blue flowers on
 a white ground, and the plain applique
 pieces are also supplied with the gar-
 ment.

The pattern is clearly marked, ready to cut
 out, machine, and then embroider. It is ob-
 tainable in sizes 2-6 years.

Sizes 2-4 years: 4/3, plus 6d. postage. 4-6
 years: 4/9, plus 6d. postage.

Paper pattern only. Price, 1/3.

No transfer for embroidery available.

UNDIE SET...

for tiny
tots



No. 85

No. 85. Snug panties and petti-
 coats made in sweet floral flannel-
 ette.

A VERY cosy undie set for the
 very young. It is obtainable
 from our Needlework Department,
 traced on good quality floral flannel-
 ette. It is on a white ground
 with blue flowers, and the pattern
 is clearly marked, ready to cut out,
 machine, and then embroider. The
 applique pieces in plain blue win-
 ceyette are also supplied.

Sizes 2 to 4 years: Petticoat, 2/4;
 panties, 1/8; complete set, 3/10.

Sizes 4 to 6 years: Petticoat, 2/9;
 panties, 1/11; complete set, 4/6.

All plus 3d. extra for postage.

Paper pattern only. Price, 1/6
 complete (both garments).

No embroidery transfers available.

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 ing, 175 Castlereagh St., or Dalton
 Street, 115 Pitt St., Tasmania: Write
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 Box 163, G.P.O., Melbourne. New
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No. 2111

No. 2111. These lovely trimly-cut undies show applique at
 its most effective, so obtain your pattern now from our Needle-
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4 Common figure faults corrected instantly with amazing new REDUCING CORSET

* The New Contour Corset will correct
 your Figure Faults Instantly—and massage
 away all Unwanted Fat from Thighs, Hips,
 Abdomen and Diaphragm. 2 inches in
 10 Days—5 inches in 15 Days are reports



BULGING
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FULL BACK TYPE



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* CORSET MATERIAL

Specially woven, non-
 rubber floral designed
 peach shade Reducing
 Fabric, Washable, de-
 pendable and lasting.

* INNER FASTENERS

Cute Fasteners which
 snap into place in a
 jiffy. Made to lie
 perfectly flat and pre-
 vent twisting or
 riding up.

* CONTROLAX INSERT

A Controlax Insert
 on both sides is re-
 sponsible for the con-
 tinual massage-like
 action of The New
 Contour Corset.



* CONTROFRONT

Reinforced wrap-
 over Controfront
 controls abdomen
 and diaphragm com-
 fortably and also
 gives perfect flatness.

* OUTER FASTENERS

Frontal-Draw, Rapid-
 Lock and Instant Slip
 Off Fasteners which
 ensure a sleek-lined
 wrinkle-free front.

* NEW HIP CONTROL

New Method of Hip
 Treatment, exclusive
 to The New Contour
 Corset, eliminates
 bulge and gives un-
 broken lines.

received daily. The New Contour Corset
 is Water-To-Measure from a non-rubber
 Special Reducing Fabric that is Smooth,
 Light, Soft and Comfy. You'll never have
 a moment's discomfort in a New Contour
 Corset.

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How Thrilling it is to let your body surrender to the
 comfortable "heat" of this Gorgeous Garment! So kindly
 does it Reduce—So gently does it Support your figure—
 that you forget you have Hips, Thighs or an Abdomen.
 You are Always Relaxed—though firmly supported.

A DUAL-PURPOSE GARMENT

Being especially designed for your requirements—it
 Glamorously Flatters the most uncontrollable figure—
 achieving a Sleek, Smooth, Second-Skin Fit—Fashionably
 Styled for Smartness and Perfectly Suited for Action.

NO MONEY NEEDED

You do not have to buy a New
 Contour Corset to test its many
 virtues. SEND YOUR WAIST,
 HIPS and THIGH Measurement
 NOW—for We Want you TO
 WEAR one FOR 10 DAYS At Our
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* THOSE ABLE TO CALL ARE INVITED TO DO SO

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To get the dirt out you
 must give clothes a good tubbing, but most important
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 that greyish-yellow tinge. The only way to keep
 linens gloriously white is to give them that last rinse in
 blue water. Nothing else can make them pure white.

* "Blue White is pure white; white without blue is yellow-white"

Reckitt's Blue

KEEPS YOUR LINEN A GOOD COLOUR

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

Romantic ending . . .

HEAR that quite a few bright young things are thinking of applying for position of Lady Wakehurst's secretary . . . it's a job that seems to have romantic ending.

Joan Tyler is Lady Wakehurst's third private secretary in her four years in Australia. Each time romance has stepped in within a year or so. First was Hermione Llewellyn, who returned to England to wed Lord Ranfurly. Second, Scottish Morna Mackenzie, married polo-player Phil Ashton. Then comes Australian Joan Tyler, who announces engagement to Wing-Commander Richard Shaw.

Romance began between Joan and tall, good-looking R.A.F. officer—then Squadron-Leader Shaw—when they met at Air Force House Ball at Romano's six months ago.

Engagement announced few days after Joan paid flying visit to South Australia, where fiancé is stationed. Wedding takes place this year.

Pennies grow . . .

HEAR that working on principle of "Every little helps," Mrs. Richmond Scott organised Saturday afternoon bridge parties at her Point Piper home soon after outbreak of war. Funds raised for Lord Mayor's Fund now total almost £300.

Naval wives, too, add to Naval Auxiliary funds by playing tennis Monday afternoons on Garden Island's two courts. Those who travel across in pinnace include Mesdames Harry Showers, F. E. Kedge, Francis Fogarty, Gibson Rednall, Alan Travers, Ben Barwood, Robert Gray.

I'm told . . .

LATEST contract bridge enthusiasts are smart young matrons . . . Mesdames Wal Anderson, Lex Albert, Wang Osborne.

Ann Scott, debutante daughter of the Max Scotts, of Edgecliff, is doing science course at Varsity.

Andrea du Boise is enjoying crisp days and roaring log fires with the Gordon Donkins at Moss Vale.

At recent sales Mr. Angus Mac-Phillamy bought yearling for daughter Bettina.

Timely gifts . . .

SELDOM seen such super array of silver and glassware as wedding gifts showered on Jocelyn Poynter and Cedric Hughes. Especially acceptable, so Jocelyn tells me, are decanters and glasses, as only a few days before she accidentally knocks over table laden with all glassware she possesses.

Bouffant white marquise frock chosen by bride to contrast with sophisticated ice-blue models designed for attendants Shirley Poynter and Colleen Bennet.

Pearl and platinum bracelets are groom's gifts to Shirley and Colleen. Diamond-and-sapphire earrings for his bride . . . "Much more exciting gift than mahogany table I presented to Cedric," says Jocelyn.

Guests who are invited to cocktails at Golf Club include Professor and Mrs. J. C. Windeyer, their recently-married daughter Dr. Ella Donovan, Lady Hughes, the Hubert Fairfaxes, Doug Doyles, Rowena Hughes, Henrietta Loder.

This week the bride's attendants both go north . . . Shirley to stay with Joanne Woolcock and Colleen with her mother, Mrs. Harry Ervin, to open their Brisbane house.

Did you know? . . .

NEWEST addition to colony of Air Force wives at Wagga is pretty Mrs. Lance Milne . . . Mary Hughes, of Adelaide, before wedding last week.

Marie Bremner when she was very young was a pupil of Dame Nellie Melba at Conservatorium . . . Marie will sell programmes at the Melba Memorial Concert, Town Hall, on May 19.

To Maitland for military dance went Mrs. Hector Livingston (husband is in camp there), Eve Playfair, and Claudia Beazley.

Is it a record? . . .

THIRD wedding within a month for the Keith House (Mosman) Marks family when John Marks weds Judy Glenwright this Thursday at All Saints'. Dudley's wedding to Bryce Perry last month was followed two days later by her sister's (Mary Hull) wedding to Eric Jones. Week later came engagement of John and Judy . . . now their wedding.

Schoolgirl sister Rosemary Marks is only one left.

Melbourne says . . .

IN Lois Sallman's trousseau is beautiful honey-beige fox coat, finger-tip length . . . gift from parents when she celebrates coming of age three days before wedding this Thursday with Eric Abrahams. Two of their wedding guests . . . Eleanor Willis and Betty Ince, frequent visitors to Sydney . . . also busy with bridal plans. Just-engaged Eleanor weds Rupert Steele in June, and Betty will be her bridesmaid.

Sue Dennett, the Fred Dennetts' youthful and artistic daughter, will live at Bathurst after she weds Corporal Barclay James Cecil at end of May. Her matron-of-honor will be Mrs. Cedric Bright, the former Jayne Harper.

June Norris has just returned from Sydney. After her wedding on June 13 to American ship's doctor Billy Bones she goes to America to live.

Both from Delegate . . .

NEW home on Delegate station, only mile or so from her former home, awaits Mrs. Bill Jeffreys when she and Bill return from motoring honeymoon. She was formerly Enid Ogilvy, of Airlie Park, the adjoining property.

They decide on wedding day only four days before it takes place. In that time Enid chooses trousseau and smart corn-gold wedding ensemble to which she fastens lovely slipper orchids for ceremony at St. Philip's.

Among guests at informal reception at Wentworth is groom's cousin, Bill Campbell, on leave from Air Force duties at Narrandera.

In London cabaret . . .

JUST received from London recent "Tallier" and "Bystander" featuring photograph and news of former Sydney girl, Glen Alyn, a "dark, decorative and attractive personality in cabaret."

Describes her as "the simple sophisticated who croons some indiscreet trifles with an innocent air. Is a sister of Audrey, who married Lord Doverdale in 1933."

And adds, "They are daughters of Mr. Arthur Pointing, a name famous in the Australian meat industry."



• DAVID EASTMAN partners pretty debutante Ann Price Jones, dancing at Prince's. Ann is working in support of Army Queen Diana Massie.



• PIP DU BOISE brings to An Englishman's Home exhibition a set of pistols owned by her great-grandfather, Charles Alan Parker.



• VOLUNTARY AIDS Mary Corbett and Leona Coombes on duty at 113th Australian General Hospital, Concord.



• MELBOURNE PICTURE of Joy Newman and Ian Pulteney Mein when they announce engagement. Future home is Bringagee station, New South Wales.



• ALL SMILES Mrs. Clive Ogilvy arrives at St. Philip's for sister-in-law Enid Ogilvy's wedding to Bill Jeffreys.



• LOOKING DOWN from Glaciarium chalet . . . enthusiastic skaters (from left) Mrs. Norman Waterhouse, Barbara Mansfield, and Rene Jenkin.



• CHECKING RESULTS . . . Stella Dalton (left) and Gwen Woolley, who are representing Army and Navy, respectively, in C.U.S.A. Queen competition.



• OBVIOUSLY a good hand is held by Betty Goodwin when she takes time off from V.A. duties to play bridge at Mrs. John Bosill's party.

SOFT CURLS THAT STAY



Long-lasting, soft, adaptable curls... that really stay where you put them... are the exclusive achievement of Eugene sachets. See that your hairdresser uses Eugene sachets.

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FALSE TEETH

No longer does any wearer of false teeth need to be annoyed or feel ill at ease. **FASTTEETH**, a new improved powder, sprinkled on your plates will keep them firm and comfortable. No gummy, gooey taste or feeling. Gums won't get sore. Avoid embarrassment. Get **FASTTEETH** from any chemist. (2 sizes.) Refuse any substitute.

Clinical-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

THE apples hung their red globes all over Normandy, rich garlands of them in the endless orchards, the sky was a clear blue with already a hint of frost in it, the cottage gardens burned with the mellowness of dahlias and chrysanthemums.

Women commiserated with Mere Piquet, women with a new, strained look in their eyes and unsteady, restless fingers, that she had no menfolk to give to France. Mere Piquet nodded, her lips compressed, but in her heart she was glad, she had given enough, now she could take, take Lisette and hold her for ever, a devoted, loving granddaughter.

The winter passed and with the spring disturbing rumors came. The Germans were breaking through; they had broken through, a town twenty miles away was bombed and its cathedral, its exquisite Gothic cathedral was wrecked. Mere Piquet lay in bed and heard far in the distance the crump, crump of bombs falling, and shivered.

Suddenly Neuville seemed crowded. It was unheard of at this time of year. But these were not the usual carefree holidaymakers, arriving in high spirits for their fortnight by the sea, these were grim, frightened men and women, with children dragging at their hands and pathetic household possessions bundled on to their backs or pushed before them in perambulators or barrows or old hand carts.

This was a new aspect of war and one which had not touched Normandy for centuries. They brought terrified stories, these refugees, the Germans were invincible, they had tanks that carried all before them, motor cycles, lorries, aeroplanes, millions of infantry, nothing, nothing could stop them, they were over-

The Silver Pathway

Continued from page 6

running France like a horde of locusts.

"As well stay here then," said Mere Piquet, tight lipped. "Where are you going?"

They did not know, anywhere, so long as they could escape the invading force, south, now, as fast as they could, or if they were lucky they would get aboard a ship, sailing anywhere, they did not mind where. The little port of Neuville had never in its long history been so busy. People crowded it, besieged it, implored the crews to take them aboard.

The English sent over boats manned by sturdy, common-sense sailors who comforted the children, managed the women, cracked jokes with them and marshalled them all on board and sailed away as calmly and matter of factly as if they had been organising a day trip to Margate.

Mere Piquet was urged to leave. "Bah," she said, "why should I? The English came and went, the Germans come and they will go. I stay here."

Lisette remained with her, a frightened, courageous Lisette, who went on with her checking of the linen cupboard because that was one of her annual spring tasks.

And then one morning a terrified girl who acted as chambermaid in the summer months ran into the hall of the Grand Hotel. She was panting and wild eyed.

"The Germans are coming," she cried to Mere Piquet, "they are nearly here."

She had seen them march past her father's farm, five miles away. They were on the road to Neuville.

She had cut across country to warn Mere Piquet, to warn the town.

"Thank you," said Mere Piquet steadily, "it was good of you, Marie. I shall not forget it."

Through the revolving doors she could see people streaming down the cobbled street. Opposite, white faced, the Dubois sisters were putting the shutters up across their shop.

When Marie had gone, the hotel seemed very quiet and empty. The servants had run away, Mere Piquet thought wearily, there was no sound from the kitchen, no comforting clatter of plates from Felix laying places in the dining-room. Lisette was standing stock still, staring at the door through which Marie had just gone. Mere Piquet said:

"Lisette, you had better go—try to escape. If you work your way south to your mother—"

Lisette moved then. It was as if she broke from a trance. She smiled and said:

"Don't be silly, grand'mere, of course I won't leave you."

She came across, lifted the flap of the wooden counter of the bureau and stood behind it with Mere Piquet. The two women waited there tensely, their hands gripping the edge of the highly polished wood.

Their fingers tightened as the revolving door moved. Mere Piquet braced herself and then started as if she had been shot, for simultaneously with her recognition of David came Lisette's scream.

He stumbled across the hall, an exhausted man at the end of his tether, his face haggard, so different, so very different, from the gay young Englishman who had taken Lisette to watch the moonlight making a path to England across the sea only a few months ago. He gasped:

"Lisette," and then, brokenly, "Mere Piquet, I'm sorry, I had to come here, you were the only person I could think of—I've been a prisoner and escaped."

LISETTE screamed again, but this time it was a silent scream, a dreadful rasping of the throat, a more terrible sound than the other. There was the noise of marching feet in the street and already Mere Piquet could see the heads of German soldiers.

Lisette acted swiftly. She lifted up the flap of the counter again and said:

"Quickly, in here."

David was past arguing, past almost everything. He obeyed her blindly, and crouched down on the floor between the two women.

The German officer who walked into the hall swaggered but was polite. He said to Mere Piquet:

"Good morning. Is this your hotel?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Is it empty?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Good. We will take it over. How many bedrooms have you?"

"Seventy, monsieur." Even in that moment Mere Piquet could not prevent a faint note of pride from creeping into her voice.

"We can use that number easily. Nothing will happen to you if you behave sensibly, and I am sure you will do that. Have you had many refugees through here?"

"Some, monsieur."

"Any escaped prisoners?"

"I have not seen any."

"There are too many escaped prisoners," frowned the young officer. "We must teach them to know when they are well off."

He stood by the desk and gave orders to his subordinates. The men marched past, tramp, tramp up the stairs; overhead you could hear them moving to and fro, while one after another the rooms were occupied right up to the attics. It seemed an eternity; it was, perhaps, half an hour. When at last the officer, with a sketchy salute, turned to go upstairs in his turn and inspect the bedroom that had been reserved for him, Mere Piquet and Lisette still did not dare to move.

When they did so, with all the effort that is needed to shake off a nightmare, and looked down upon the floor between them, they saw that David had fallen asleep.

Please turn to page 38

"I'VE SUFFERED FOR YEARS - NO FOOD CAN GET ME REGULAR! "

Harsh purges appear to relieve constipation actually they aggravate your condition.

HERE'S WHY. This diagram shows how food is absorbed into the system. Food not absorbed passes into the large intestine to be expelled by muscular action. If this residue is not bulky enough, the muscles can't get hold of it. You get constipated.



STOMACH—where food is prepared for further digestion.
SMALL INTESTINE—where nutritive elements are absorbed into the bloodstream through the bowel wall.
LARGE INTESTINE—into which the residue of unabsorbed food passes.

Now, the action of harsh purges has nothing in common with the natural action of "bulk". In fact, harsh purges come as a shock to delicate internal muscles, hammering them into action. This brings temporary relief. If purging continues, internal muscles are weakened. Usually grave results are experienced by middle age—the penalty for the constant use of harsh cathartics.

HERE'S WHY Kellogg's All-Bran safely ends constipation.

Kellogg's All-Bran gives the bowels the natural "bulk" they need, and so brings about a normal, natural movement. It works in the same way as the uncooked vegetables and fruit with which Nature intended to keep us naturally regular and which very few of us ever eat. However, the "bulk" in Kellogg's All-Bran acts more surely, more thoroughly. If your system already is in a bad way, it will massage those delicate internal muscles back to normal regularity. Kellogg's All-Bran is a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal. It's all ready to serve just with milk and sugar. (Let the milk soak right in.)

Tastes especially good sprinkled over any other breakfast cereal or stewed fruit.

Start your breakfast with Kellogg's All-Bran and you will have yourself safely regular in a week.



ONE
WEEK
LATER

**KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN
HAS BROUGHT ME REAL
RELIEF THE SAFE
NATURAL WAY!
NO MORE HARSH
PURGES FOR ME!**

ORDER A PACKET OF KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FROM YOUR GROCER TO-DAY.

WHAT'S the ANSWER?

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

1—Here's one for diligent A.R.P. students. As well as standing for the British Broadcasting Corporation, "B.B.C." also denotes a type of tear gas—a type of incendiary bomb—a concrete bomb-proof shelter—a sort of emergency splint.

2—Coffee, of course, comes from a bush, and that bush has bright red flowers—dark orange flowers—white flowers—no flowers.

3—Suppose you decided to spend a holiday at whichever of these towns is highest in altitude, you would go to Townsville — Darwin — Alice Springs — Cobarr — Melbourne.

4—Late last month, a King assumed the Prime Ministership of his country—the King in question being King Boris of Bulgaria—King Michael of Rumania—King George of Greece—King Peter of Yugoslavia.

5—"Who steals my purse steals trash." Ah, very clever—you've recognised it as Shakespeare! You've even placed it as "Othello," so now you've only to add that it was said by Iago — Othello — Desdemona — Cassio — Roderigo.

6—The port light of a ship? Oh, that's the one that's colored Red—green.

7—With great splash, Hitler recently celebrated his 52nd birthday. Well, never forget that his later fifties saw the downfall of Napoleon at Waterloo — Persian Xerxes trying to conquer Greece — Hannibal at the Battle of Zama — German Emperor Wilhelm in the Great War.

8—It was artist Franz Hals who painted the famous picture The Monarch of the Glen—Bubbles—The Laughing Cavalier—Mona Lisa—The Lesson in Anatomy.

9—Know anything about tallow? As for instance, that it's made from animal fat—a marine growth—tree sap—petroleum jelly—the marrow of certain animal bones.

10—And when at last you've been married for a whole 25 years, you celebrate your Golden wedding—diamond—silver—amethyst—ruby.

Answers on page 38

STOP Itching, ugly ECZEMA



HAVE YOU EVER KNOWN WHAT IT IS TO BE ASSAILED TO SHOW YOUR FACE IN PUBLIC? I HAVE. I SUFFERED MENTAL TORTURES. TILL I TRIED REXONA OINTMENT. I NEVER COULD EXPRESS THE GLORIOUS RELIEF I GAINED ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.

NOW... YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN THERE HAD BEEN A BLENDISH ON MY FACE. REXONA IS REALLY MARVELOUS.

For all skin troubles, doctors warn against using strong antiseptics which may irritate the rash. Rexona Ointment contains SIX powerful medicinal ingredients which together act like a cooling, soothing balm.



O.18.22

This man saw the real fighting China

Nation of realists in search of ideals and liberty



"The legend of the mysterious East still flourishes, but the occult China of gongs and incense is a pure fantasy; fighting China is the reality."

This is the opinion of American author and painter Graham Peck. He travelled 300 miles through the Gobi desert, lived for six weeks with a Mongol family, spent a winter in the heart of Free China, and witnessed the fall of Peking and its occupation by Japan.

AS the author left Peking for the last time, Japanese planes roomed overhead, dropping their bombs near the station of Fengtai.

"In the station no one paused to look or listen.

"Already the war could be regarded like the weather, it could be discussed exhaustively, but its routine events need not interrupt the day's business."

In "Through China's Wall," one of the most recent records of China under pre-war and war conditions, Mr. Peck has provided a fascinating story.

"For too long the typical Chinese has been regarded as a fantastic figure to fear or to ridicule," he writes.

"In popular legend he still appears too often as John Chinaman, the comic laundry man who eats eggs 1000 years old, or as the sinister mandarin with all eyes.

"For a more useful picture I would substitute that of an elderly but plump fellow, sitting on a bench. Under his trim-tailored robes every curve of his figure expresses well-being. His skin glistens with health. His face is bland and open.

"I suppose the idea which has been most persistent about China is that of the fabulous fragile China of legend... the China of jade, sages, and vermilion pavilions... that faraway azure land which has never really existed except on blue plates."

For the first six months after his arrival, Mr. Peck lived in Peking (now known as Peiping).

Comic incidents

THIS was the period of 'incidents' which broke out all over China, wherever the two nations came in contact. Some were tragic, but more were comic.

"There was the affair of 'The Horse's Rump,' which occurred

when the sight of a minute Japanese officer on his immense horse had been too much for a Chinese passer-by. Perhaps unwisely it was the horse he slapped, but the Japanese military command made a formal protest saying that 'an insult has been offered to a Japanese hero.'

"Everyone of the four hundred millions in China has learned to live as a convinced and practising individualist.

"They have had a typically deep distrust of any concerted action, partly due to their natural hard-headedness and partly due to the former state of political chaos which made individual caution a prime necessity."

Mongol music

MR. PECK spent six weeks living with a Mongol family at Chaoho.

"I enjoyed the music of the Mongols as they sang and whistled at their work.

"To me those songs seemed the ideal expression of the peculiarly lonely quality of the plateau country and the simple lyric life of the people."

A trip on the Yangtze River to Chungking, now the capital of Free China, provided the author with much interest.

"I was told that Chungking is so foggy that the local dogs bark at the sun whenever it does appear.

"After the city's medieval exterior and the slippery alleys along its waterfront, it was surprising to find the centre with avenues capable of automobiles, full of traffic that was almost Western in quantity, though still Oriental in quality.

"China has taken from the technical civilisation of the West chiefly novelties of a varying degree of uselessness.

"When the familiar objects were used in a setting that was to the Westerner richly exotic, they gained a strikingly surrealist aspect.

"The smells of China are proverbial, but they should never be exaggerated into providing smells for its people."

From Chungking by bus to Chenku, the capital of Szechuan, and on to the border of Tibet, Mr. Peck eventually returned by sampan to Chungking.

He then travelled by the now famous Burma Road through the Kweichow and Yunnan section to Peking via Hongkong.

The conflict between China and Japan had begun in earnest, and it began to have its effect on Peking.

"Even the imperturbable Chinese were being forced to recognise the possibility that at last, after so many alarms, this was the real thing."



NUMBER ONE HERO of modern China, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, and his wife, who have gained equal respect of the Chinese people.

Some grim pictures of his work with the American Red Cross in rescuing wounded Chinese soldiers and civilians are depicted with stark reality. Mr. Peck is convinced that Western China will become a boom country, rushing through centuries of development in as many years.

"Through China's Wall," Graham Peck. (Our copy from Angus and Robertson.)



No use pretending this is the latest thing in soaps. It isn't. It's one of the oldest. Wright's originated Coal Tar Soap. Wright's is so good that it has made several imitations quite famous! But when doctors recommend you to use a coal tar soap, as they frequently do, they always recommend Wright's. As a fact, doctors have been recommending Wright's Coal Tar Soap ever since the Franco-Prussian War. Which is going back a year or so. Must be pretty good soap.

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap

11d. a Cake - - Bath size, 1/7
Including Sales Tax.

1.6.41

Say! This is REAL RELIEF For a COLD!



One simple treatment reaches and relieves ALL these miseries



tated passages of nose, throat, and chest—which only vapours can reach direct. These vapours soothe irritation, loosen phlegm, relieve coughing, make breathing easy.

At the same time, VapoRub works on the skin, like a poultice, "drawing out" tightness and pain in throat and chest.

He Sleeps Away the Cold

Relaxed and comfortable, and breathing easily, Baby sleeps soundly. VapoRub goes on working hour after hour, breaks up most colds overnight.

VICKS
VAPORUB

OVER 26 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

WHEN Baby catches cold, his nose, throat, and chest are all in danger. Take no chances—help all three quickly! You can—without making Baby swallow anything, without any risk of upsetting his stomach. Simply rub throat, chest, and back with Vicks VapoRub.

Unique Double Action

Warmed by the body, VapoRub gives off healing vapours that are breathed in straight to the irrit-

Damp-set YOUR HAIR WITH VELMOL

What a glorious change this four-minute damp-set makes in dull unruly hair! Revives your wave. Keeps curls in place. Hair gleams with lustre—never "stiff" or oily! First Hollywood, now Australia, acclaim this discovery of a famous American beauty chemist. . . . Used by smart women everywhere to keep their hair-styles "salon-fresh."

JUST 3 STEPS. (1) Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. (2) Brush through a few drops of VELMOL. (3) Arrange in waves and curls with fingers and comb.

Works perfectly on any hair . . . any wave. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser, to-day, for VELMOL.



Clinton-Williams
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Have You
Seen the New
CUTEX HIJINKS
and **GADABOUT?**

In tune with the newest and brightest of feminine fashions are these new Cutex shades, a bright clear red and a bright red-pink. Other Cutex shades, Cameo, Cedarwood, Tulip, Old Rose, Laurel, among others, remain great favourites.

All shades are made in a new polish that gives longer wear with no sign of chipping or peeling. Ask to see the entire range of smart Cutex shades.

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LUCKY
GENERATION"

TAMPAX GIVES US THESE
6 DECIDED IMPROVEMENTS
ON SANITARY TOWELS!

- T** Tampax is the MODERN sanitary protection — worn INTERNALLY.
- A** A DOCTOR invented it—doctors support it.
- M** Quickly, daintily inserted and removed—instantly disposable.
- P** So comfortable you don't know you're wearing it.
- A** Nothing to show. No belts—no pins—no pads. And no odour.
- X** Stays firmly in place even during active exercise.

HANDY-SIZE PACKET of 3, only 11d.; packet of 6, 1/9; large economical-size packet of 10, 2/5. Easy instructions enclosed. Available from chemists, beauty salons and stores everywhere—or use coupon.

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Sanitary Protection
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SEND 11/- in stamps, for your packet of 3 Tampax in plain wrapper (or illustrated folder and "Finger Beauty and Hygiene" booklet, posted free on request) to NURSE SIMPSON, Box 940 G.C., Sydney, Box 972, G.P.O., Melbourne, Box 1003N, G.P.O., Brisbane, Box 750F, G.P.O., Adelaide, Box 6497, G.P.O., Perth, Box 13, F.O., Hobart.

Name _____ Address _____



For lovely hair.
FREE OFFER
3d. packet of famous Camellions Tonic sent Free to all ladies who use this coupon. Please state color of hair.

The Silver Pathway

Continued from page 36

DAVID apologised again to them later. They had bundled him down some back stairs into a tiny larder that led off the kitchen. Shelves were built all round the walls and there was no window, only a ventilator high up in one corner, but its entrance was partly hidden by the big plate cupboard in the kitchen and it seemed the only comparatively safe place left in the hotel.

Lisette had brought him some food which he ate avidly. He was sitting on the floor with Lisette beside him, and they were holding hands; somehow, even to Mere Piguet, it seemed natural that they should be holding hands.

David said: "I came over with the second B.E.F. I was taken prisoner and we were marched off—we lost our sense of time and direction. When I discovered we were at Coulances it seemed as if I woke up suddenly. I remembered it was only twenty miles from here and when I realised that I wanted to come—his eyes slid round to Lisette—it seemed like home. So I escaped, it wasn't very difficult really; there were so many of us to look after. Only I shouldn't have come, I know that now. I've put you in a rotten position, I must get away as quickly as possible."

Lisette squeezed his hand, Mere Piguet regarded him thoughtfully and said:

"Of course I could fit you out in some of Felix's clothes and pass you off as a waiter or handy man. But your French—"

David smiled. "Not good enough, I know." "You must stay here," Mere Piguet said, "until we can find some way for you to escape."

He protested, but he was too weary to protest with any conviction. He was asleep again almost in the midst of his protestations.

They kept him there three days. He slept on the floor because there was no extra bedding in the place and they would not have dared to smuggle any in through the hotel.

The German soldiers kept a strict discipline on the place and were continually on the lookout for escaped prisoners. Mere Piguet could not understand why they did not search the hotel.

On the evening of the third day Lisette came to her, her eyes shining.

"Grand'mere," she cried. "It is all right, Jean Pepin has promised to take David away to-night. You know, grand'mere, he can do it, he sells his boat to England every year and sells his onions. He says he can slip away unnoticed."

"Poor Jean Pepin. Yes, Mere Piguet knew, she who knew so much, knew also that he had humbly adored Lisette for years, Lisette, the gay and lovely, who was as far above him as the stars, but whom he loved. She nodded, staring at Lisette. She guessed what was coming.

"And I am going too, grand'mere," said Lisette. "I must. I love him so much, you can't understand how much."

"Perhaps I can," said Mere Piguet, and her voice was heavy with memories. "I think that after all he may make you a good husband."

"I know he will," cried Lisette. "Oh, I am sure he will." She added sharply, "But you will come too, grand'mere. I could not leave you."

"No, my dear, I cannot go. I am old and so is Neville. Neville has seen a lot of things come and go. I have too. We will wait together, old friends." She smiled at her grandchild, her very dearly beloved grandchild.

"But," protested Lisette, "it is dangerous!"

"Not so dangerous as going," said Mere Piguet. Not so dangerous for them. If she went the German officer would be sure to notice her absence, but Lisette, perhaps, could slip away unseen. Besides, it was true what she had said, she was old now and

past the age of adventure. Here must be a philosophic acceptance of things.

They smuggled David out of the hotel that night by the kitchen door. Mere Piguet had asked permission of the German officer to visit a sick relative on the other side of the town. He had given it, a little reluctantly she thought, and wondered if she had imagined a look of suspicion in his eyes. But he was there for dinner. They all seemed to be there, the dining-room was full and old Felix was scurrying about between the tables.

She glanced at them once through the glass door and then slipped out, along the darkened, deserted streets to the little port. Its feverish, brief activity was over and done with now and it had become forlornly still and silent. Once on the way there Mere Piguet thought she heard footsteps following her and her heart was in her mouth, but they died away and she went on to the little pier.

There was a smell of tarred rope and the creak of a ship's timbers. Her eyes, growing accustomed to the blackness, could just make out Jean Pepin's boat and David and Lisette.

They must go at once, Jean Pepin said, there was no time to lose. Lisette threw her arms round her grandmother's neck, holding her close, unable to speak. David, wringing her hand, said:

"I'll look after her always, I swear I will."

Strange that you could dread a

The answer is—

- 1—A type of tear gas.
- 2—White flowers.
- 3—Alice Springs.
- 4—King George of Greece.
- 5—Iago.
- 6—Red.
- 7—German Emperor Wilhelm in the Great War. (The other three were younger).
- 8—"The Laughing Cavalier."
- 9—Animal fat.
- 10—Silver wedding.

Questions on page 36

thing for twenty years and when it happened you hardly felt it, just stood there like an automaton, not realising it, letting everything you valued in life slip away from you without a protest.

The sails of Jean Pepin's boat shivered and filled and the boat swung round and made out to sea. Mere Piguet was alone in the little port, the lightless houses about her might have been the ghosts of houses.

She had been gone only a little while, there would still be time for her to go home by the old town. She turned and climbed the steps and went to the left, up the steep road that led to the battlements. Those battlements had seen many enemies come through the centuries, seen them come and seen them go. To-night they were still and quiet under the stars.

No one was there. No one seemed to be in the town that was spread out beneath her. It was held in darkness. There were no lights from the casino, no sound of music. Mere Piguet looked out to sea. The sea would always be there. To-day's tragedies were so small and ephemeral in the great scheme of things.

The moon sailed out from behind a cloud, a great full moon splashing a pathway of silver across the sea, a pathway to England. Just for a moment a boat showed on it, a tiny sailing boat, bending to the fresh wind. Then it slipped away again into the kindly, concealing darkness. Mere Piguet drew a deep breath.

"Eh bien," she said, "c'est la guerre." She turned to make the descent towards the hotel and added, with her characteristic shrug, a faint smile on her lips, "c'est la vie."

(Copyright)



If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write to H. G. Turnley & Son, 360 Flinders Street, Melbourne.

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

18 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 6d. jar.

All Chemists and stores selling toilet goods. Distributors: Fussett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

Germolene HEALED HER INJURED WRIST



Read this Amazing Tribute

"I am writing to express my thanks for

Germolene. Five months ago I badly hurt my wrist in the mangle. Treatment failed to do me any good. Last Friday I sent for a tin of Germolene and after five dressings, my wrist is quite all right again. I shall never be without a tin, my three children are always liable to bruises and falls and Germolene will always be useful."

Yours faithfully, Mrs. A. B. Think of it! Five months' suffering ended by five applications of Germolene! You, too, should never be without a tin of this wonderful healing ointment. It is essential in EVERY home for prompt treatment of household accidents and to banish all skin suffering quickly and completely.

"Mother Germolene HAS CURED MY BAD LEG It Will Cure Yours!"



Germolene is the great family healer. From a child's grazes to an adult's serious leg trouble—every skin ailment responds to Germolene Skin Healing Magic. Here is a son who healed himself with Germolene and then passed the good news on to his mother. Two more Germolene skin healing triumphs! Read his letter: "Some time ago I received a bad cut to my leg. I tried all kinds of Ointments but without result. I then tried Germolene, and after three days application I was amazed at the result. If it had not been for Germolene I should have been off work. Germolene too, has cured my mother's leg after others had failed to do so. If you have a skin trouble Germolene will heal it clean."

From all Chemists and Stores. Prices: 1/7 & 3/3. Agents: H. F. RITCHIE (Aust.) (Pty.) Ltd., 352/354, William St., Melbourne. E 282-41

Let children choose their own careers

AS Mrs. Wilson (19/4/41) says, children should be given the choice of their professions. It is wrong to force them into careers they do not desire.

Let the child decide, and he will work hard to get to the top of his chosen job.

Mrs. R. Jukes, 2 Acacia St., Ripponlea 84, Vic.

Fair-mindedness

CERTAINLY children should be permitted to choose the trade or profession at which they will earn their livelihood.

To make a success of anything one must be happy at one's work. Many parents choose the profession of a doctor for their sons; it sounds rather grand, but some of these sons might have made better butchers.

It is misjudged kindness to force a lad into his father's business when



Your boy won't like it if you choose his career.

all that is best within him is crying out for the open spaces.

Parents who act thus do not know the A B C of fair-mindedness.

Mrs. C. M. Brown, 7 Sherwood Rd., Surrey Hills, Vic.

Distasteful work

EVERY parent should allow children to follow the profession or trade they wish. Boys or girls can't be expected to settle down and do work which is distasteful to them just for the sake of family tradition. If parents were to give more thought to their children in this respect there would be fewer "ne'er-do-wells" and "rolling stones" in the world.

Mrs. N. Mills, 58 Onslow St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Minds change

I DO not think it wise for children to choose their own professions.

They change their minds so often. Wise and loving parents should study the natural bent of their child's mind. Then they could steer it into the course best fitted for it.

Mrs. W. Thompson, King William St., Adelaide.



ELDERS SELFISH

HAVE children as much right to the comforts of a home as their parents? Surely it is pure selfishness on the part of elders, who invariably banish children to the backyard to be rid of them!

It seems wrong to keep a house in irreproachable order to impress visitors while the children are not allowed into it except to sleep.

If the parents permitted a little reasonable freedom indoors, even at the risk of a crumpled mat and a few finger-marks, they would be rewarded by finding less resentment and more affection in their children.

Daphne Skehan, Hancock St., Sandgate, Qld.

PLEASANT CONVERSATION

SURELY Australians do not have to depend on Americans to make bright conversation.

Both young and old enjoy cheerful talk, but wisecracks from other countries should not be necessary.

We should be able to discuss intelligently any topical subject in words typical of our own nationality.

Dorothy Norrie, 12 Neave St., Hawthorn, Vic.

VITAMIN WORRY

SHOULD mothers worry about vitamins for their families?

To-day the ordinary housewife is old before her time from fussing as to whether her family has the necessary amount of health-giving food. Matter-of-fact persons like myself are becoming quite anxious on the subject.

It would be a good idea if, instead of the daily diet containing so much per cent "vitamin this or that," medical men would tell us just what foods the average adult or child needs to make a well-balanced diet.

Mrs. C. Hope, Buffalo, 8th, Gippsland, Vic.

GOLDEN SILENCE

HOW often in a theatre or picture show does a person nearby start humming the tune the orchestra is playing.

I think this is most annoying, as it detracts from the pleasure one gets from the orchestral music, and the "hummer" is generally out of tune.

This is one occasion when "silence is golden."

Mrs. A. Taylor, Wellbank St., Concord, N.S.W.

Women can inspire world sanity

WOMEN "behind the line" can help to plan for the future.

Tied by household cares they may feel a bit out of it in regard to the war effort, but with them lies the opportunity to sow the seeds of world peace!

By self-control in petty irritations, tolerance for the faults and foibles and consideration for the feelings of other members of the family, the housewife can set an example which her children are quick to imitate.

With harmony in the home children grow to cheerful, well-balanced citizens, inspiring national sanity, which can keep at bay the most ferocious onslaughts of those nationals whose whole outlook has been bred on discord.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. Doreen Cain, 1A Lurline St., Maroubra Bay, N.S.W.

Men and women have own sphere

THERE is no need for modern women to cry, "Let us have equality with the opposite sex." They already have it. Mrs. Doyle (19/4/41).

At the present time our British sisters are establishing, beyond doubt, their equality in the assembling of intricate machinery, and in other man-sized jobs too numerous to mention.

Equality will never rob man of his birthright, the right to protect his womenfolk.

Miss M. Ramsay, 11 Eveleigh St., Woolloomoo N3, Brisbane.

Each reigns supreme

MEN and women are different, and no talk of equality can make them the same. Each reigns supreme in his or her own sphere.

If women are not very careful they will find that, while trying to be men's equal in all things (their physical strength prevents this), they have lost their ability to be men's superiors in other ways.

Mrs. R. L. Wheatley, Pittwater Rd., Mona Vale, N.S.W.

Man's wage

TO-DAY, we hope, we are fighting for the freedom and equality of both sexes. I mean equality in the true sense of the word. If a woman does a man's job she deserves a man's wage.

The modern woman has proved, especially in the present terrific conflict, that she can take her place beside any man in almost any job. The time will come, I am confident, when every woman will take her rightful place in the world as man's companion, and not as his slave.

Mrs. Frank S. Chamberlain, Box 26, P.O. Sale, Vic.

Question of ability

UNDER the present system a woman does a man's work but gets only approximately half his pay, and so consequently we find women filling positions which men once held.

If, as is often claimed by men, man's work is superior, then they need not suffer under the system of equality of pay for men and women.

The superior worker will naturally get the position first, and if a woman can do the work as efficiently as a man she is entitled to the same pay.

Miss M. C. Jenke, Monash, S.A.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

LATE SUPPERS

I THINK suppers late at night are very bad for a growing family.

Many people say they cannot sleep if they do not have a cup of tea and some food before they go to bed. They eat sandwiches, toast large slices of bread, or even muffins, and have a really substantial meal.

Surely it is better to rest your digestion after the big dinner most people have at night.

Or at any rate have just a cup of milk or tea without any food.

In this way I think that children would have fewer nightmares. And adults might be less livery and crochety in the morning.

Mrs. R. Davidson, Ward St., Nth. Adelaide.

STILL SUPERSTITIOUS

PEOPLE laugh at the superstitions of the Dark Ages. What about the superstitions of to-day? I think that to-day there is equally as much hocus-pocus carried on as in the Dark Ages, the only difference being that it is now carried on among educated people who should know better.

How many people would walk under a ladder?

If a woman happens to put on an under-garment with the wrong side out she does not change it as it will turn her luck away.

She believes that a black cat walking across her path will bring good luck.

Joan Bruce, Walmsley St., Kangaroo Point, Brisbane.

OWN DECISIONS

THE words, "Australia's sons, let us rejoice, for we are young and free," echo in the heart of every Australian.

But are we free? It is up to every Australian woman to see that the principles which we are fighting for are upheld while our men fight for us.

Hitherto women have leant on their husbands' arms, voted as they voted, instead of taking an intelligent interest in the affairs of their country.

We women now have to depend on ourselves, make our own decisions and help one another to carry the burden.

Miss J. Mackenzie, Seven Hills Rd., Bankham Hills, N.S.W.

Souveniring only another name for stealing

I AGREE with Mrs. H. E. Fox (19/4/41) that souveniring buttons from a soldier's uniform is not right. Souveniring is only another name for stealing.

If the girl wants a souvenir of her boy-friend, why not get his autograph or a snapshot.

This would not be so embarrassing for him as losing a part of his very strictly examined uniform.

Souveniring other people's belongings is contemptible and not excusable in any circumstances.

Miss N. Elms, 86 Citizen St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

No benefit gained

FOR the life of me I cannot understand why women go in for souvenir hunting. What benefit do they gain by it?

I think it is a vicious habit. Worse than that is the knowledge



She's delighted to get a souvenir button.

that the articles souvenir can be of no use to them, and in most cases a day or so after they have been taken they are thrown aside as useless.

I think that some harsh treatment should be meted out to these stupid women so that they may be made to let well alone articles that do not belong to them.

Mrs. V. Dixon, 18 Tennis Grove, North Caulfield, Vic.

Treasured memento

SURELY a service man would not grudge an occasional button souvenir for his girl friends.

He is going away, and any memento of him is something to be treasured.

In these days military souvenirs are especially precious.

Girls keep them as special treasures, and it is only a harmless little show of vanity if they wear the souvenirs pinned to their frocks, to show they have a friend among our fighting men.

Mrs. J. Dawson, Post Office, West End, Brisbane.

SORRY-BUT YOU'RE WRONG



A POUND OF FEATHERS IS NOT LIGHTER THAN A POUND OF LEAD.



CENTRAL HEATING IS NOT NEW. THEY HAD IT IN ROME 1800 YEARS AGO.



SAVE HIM! I WAS BORN WITH A CAUL!
A CAUL DOES NOT PREVENT ITS POSSESSOR FROM BEING DROWNED.



HASTY EATING DOES NOT NECESSARILY CAUSE INDIGESTION.

BUT 95% OF INDIGESTION IS CAUSED BY EXCESS ACID IN THE STOMACH - WHICH HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR SPEED OF EATING!



You must neutralise excess acid. Bisurated Magnesia does this - that's why it stops indigestion pains in five minutes. Bisurated Magnesia spreads a protective lining over the stomach, neutralises burning excess acids, gives instant and lasting relief. Sold at the same price as ordinary stomach remedies. 2/6 large size, 1/9 standard.

SCHOOLGIRL

MUMMY SAYS I CAN THANK REXONA FOR MY NICE CLEAR SKIN, BECAUSE SHE STARTED ME OFF ON REXONA WHEN I WAS A BABY



Rexona Soap guards beauty the natural way - by keeping skin radiantly healthy. Rexona alone contains Cadyl - a special compound of medications. Its fresh, medicated lather clears away the impurities that cause most skin flaws. Your skin must show a thrilling improvement - with Rexona care!

If persistent, deep-seated skin faults do not clear up quickly with the Rexona Soap treatment, then a combination treatment of Rexona Soap and Ointment is needed. TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts. This rapid-healing treatment leaves skin clear, radiant, unmarked.



REXONA IS MORE THAN A BEAUTY SOAP It's a Complete Skin Treatment

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

S.214.27

SO HIGHLY STRUNG—



ELIZABETH: "Darling, I'm worried about Thelma. She's so highly strung and sensitive. Doesn't seem to fit in with the other girls..."

JIM: "Yes. She looks so thin and pale too."



ELIZABETH: "Just look at her! She should be outside playing on a day like this!"

JIM: "We'd better let Dr. Hawkins have a look at her."



DOCTOR: "Mrs. Morris, Thelma's a very sensitive and highly strung child. And her troubles are really due to her sleep. You see, children grow during sleep. This uses up their energy. Heartbeats and breathing at night also use up energy. Naturally, if energy isn't replaced during sleep, children get run down, pale, thin and just pick at their food. So give Thelma Horlicks."



JIM: "She's full of life now Bet!"

ELIZABETH: "Horlicks has made all the difference in the world to her."

* Use the Horlicks Mixer—it makes a delicious drink.



HORLICKS GUARDS CHILDREN AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

The Australian Women's Weekly—Notice to Contributors

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The

Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss. Prices: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 4

WYN loved that car so, she might have been jealous of me. Anyway, we found the doctor, about three in the morning. Of course he knew Wyn well, and he must have wondered who I was. But he didn't waste any time wondering, and went to work on Wyn. It was a queer way to end up what you might call a honeymoon.

Wyn was pretty shaky but he drove us down on the Monday. I checked my bag at Reading Terminal and suddenly felt like false pretences. I wondered if anybody had ever done anything dishonest before at Reading Terminal, it always seems like such a well-behaved station.

Wyn said he felt so knocked out he'd go to the Mill and ease off. I said I'd take care of the office. "If you need me," he said, "call Old St. David's 31." That was the first time I heard the number.

The way some simple line will come into your head and go round and round, and sort of sum things up, it was only a few blocks to Sanson Street and I kept saying to myself "America's a beautiful country." That seemed like a great new discovery, no one ever thought of it before. I guess what I really meant was, Wyn's a beautiful boy.

Still and all we don't notice beauty enough, I guess that's what's wrong with us. I felt more like religion that five minutes' hike to the office than I ever did before. Just a window of doughnuts frying on Ninth Street was wonderful, there was a chef there mixing batter and I wondered if he knew about things, if any woman loved him.

It's a good thing women don't often let on what love does to them. I wondered if those three days really happened. When you can't believe a thing really happened I guess that means it was worth happening. Anything sour you don't wonder, you know too well it happened.

A girl certainly has to be ready with a change of pace. Somehow I don't think men shift over so quickly from one gear to another. Whatever goes wrong downtown the dames are expected to be able to iron it out before dinner is served.

But I'm thinking of a different change of pace, I mean I had to switch fast from Pocono to the mess at the office. Billy and Parry were still nursing a hangover from a football week-end and a lot of artists and printers and would-bes of various kinds were ploughing through their line for big gains.

"Kitty," they moaned, "where's Wyn? We can't get him on the phone, the paper company says we've got to order more stock, we don't know if the magazine's going on or not."

"Wyn went to Princeton for a reunion," I said. I figured that would account for anything.

"Nuts," they said. "Reunions don't happen this time of year."

"This was a very select reunion,

just the men in his class that got a straight A through college."

We got out four issues of Philly. We were committed to a big number for Thanksgiving and the Penn-Cornell game. As a matter of fact we sold a lot of that number. People at Franklin Field were snapping it up and it came in handy to sit on when the rain started.

We had seats in the Press box, I was glad because I didn't have to put on an act for all the Blue Book entries that would have been swarming over Wyn if we'd been down front where his friends have a right to be. I always got on fine with the newspaper crowd, even after they get a by-line or a syndicate they still know what people are talking about and you don't have to waste time explaining.

But after the game Wyn wanted to take me out to Darby Mill. He had planned it all beforehand, they were throwing a house-party out there and I'd had a note from his mother. Naturally I had some sense, I could even see in the way her handwriting went up and down it was a fever chart, but Wyn wouldn't take "No."

It was a mistake. Of course Wyn had done what any man would, told everybody to be lovely to me and they were so lovely I could have torn their eyes out. I was the only one who wasn't in the union.

Somebody wanted to know if I was one of the Iglehart Foyles from Baltimore or the Saltonstall Foyles from Pride's Crossing. I said no pride ever crossed our family, except when the old man carried his bat against Merlon C.C. That was Wyn's fault, he tried to ease the situation by making everybody drink too many old-fashioned ones.

But it helped because good old Reese Rittenhouse turned the talk on cricket and said he wished he could get more girls to show some intelligence about it. After a few drinks they got up an indoor cricket game in the tennis house, rouders they called it, and acted that way.

Coxey Narbeth got one of his back-slapping spells. I knew either I or the rest of them didn't belong, and the embarrassment went round the dinner table all wrapped up in a napkin like that wine bottle the butler carried.

Even in a Thanksgiving rain-storm, what a lovely lovely place. When I saw Wyn's old faded station wagon out in a hitching shed I asked him to drive me home. Of course he wouldn't and he couldn't. I was supposed to stay the night, and I had to go through with it.

"You mustn't try to get up in the morning, we'll all sleep late," said Mrs. Stratford.

"I've got to get to the office," I said. "We're closing up and I want to leave everything tidy."

"Oh, I'm so glad Wyn is giving up that dreadful magazine," she

Animal Antics



"You never (sniff) . . . take me any place (sob) any more."

said, "I don't think Philadelphia enjoys that sort of persiflage."

Either she or I must have been pronouncing that word wrong up to then.

"We know well they don't," was what I had a yen to say, but K.F. had herself under control.

"I don't know what I would do without Kitty," said Wyn, trying to help. "In fact, I won't do without her. Maybe she'll come and help me at the bank."

"I'm going to Chicago," I said, unexpectedly. I didn't know myself I was going to say it. I'd had a letter from Molly a day or two before. All of a sudden I saw what came next. Wyn was terribly startled, and what a flash of, well, thankfulness, I saw in Mrs. Stratford's eyes. Poor lady, she was only playing on the signals they'd taught her. I could see that down under she had a respect for me, she'd like to have me around if it could have been allowed.

"Really, that's very interesting," she said. "Do you know people in Chicago? We have some very pleasant acquaintances in Lake Forest."

"My best friend has a job at Palmer's, she's in the furnishing department."

"The modern girls are so courageous, I think it's wonderful how enterprising they are."

I looked around at the enterprising modern girls. They were showing a good deal of knee sprawled on the sofas with brandy and sodas and members of the Racquet Club, or they were screeching at ping-pong in the game-room, or playing some baby chess they called b'ganmon. I felt homesick for a good filing case somewhere.

Please turn to page 42

TOOTHACHE - BECAUSE HIS SOUL DRANK HOT WATER!

WHEN A BAGABO (NATIVE OF MOONSHIA) HAS TOOTHACHE, HE BELIEVES HIS TEBANG (LEFT HAND SOUL), IS DRINKING BOILING HOT WATER! TOOTHACHE IS CAUSED BY DENTAL DECAY. GUARD AGAINST DENTAL DECAY WITH KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS CLEANS TEETH SURGICALLY - ANTISEPTICALLY.

COCAINE FOR LOCAL ANAESTHESIA - WAS FIRST USED IN 1879.

DO YOU KNOW?

DOGS WHO HAVE THEIR TEETH FILLED!

IN AMERICA, IT IS QUITE USUAL FOR DOGS TO HAVE TEETH EXTRACTED AND FILLED.

MONKEY'S TEETH ARE WARRIORS BOLD!

AMONG THE SOUTH AMERICAN BOERO TRIBE IT WAS BELIEVED THAT MONKEY'S TEETH INCREASED STRENGTH AND SKILL OF THE WEAPON BATTLE!

STOP "BACTERIAL MOUTH" AND DENTAL DECAY!

FOOD PARTICLES BECOME WEDGED BETWEEN YOUR TEETH. THESE FERMENT AND CAUSE MILLIONS OF TINY, ACTIVE BUBBLES, WHICH FLOAT AWAY DEPOSITS - STOP DENTAL DECAY.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM 1/3 and 2¢

2 INCH ON DRY BRUSH IS PLENTY!

PYRRHUS HAD SOLID SET OF TEETH!

PYRRHUS, ANCIENT GREEK HAD A SOLID SET OF TEETH - AS IF OF WHOLE BONE! THERE WERE SMALL MARKS ON THE OUTSIDE SHOWING WHERE THE TEETH WOULD HAVE BEEN IF THEY HAD BEEN DIVIDED. KEEP YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN, SPARKLING AND FREE FROM DENTAL DECAY WITH KOLYNOS.

KOLYNOS IS MORE ECONOMICAL TOO - LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTES.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

Taurians should always be encouraged to exercise self-control. Their temperament makes this desirable.

"T" in a big way is one of the main characteristics of Taurians—people born between April 21 and May 22. But their magnetic qualities are such that this quality can be a force for good or for evil.

Should the worst side of their nature be developed they are sure to make many enemies. But in the event of their lovable, charming and happy characteristics being cultivated they will make and hold friends for life.

As a rule they have plenty of appeal and consequently are likely to marry young and frequently with suddenness. Mothers should therefore make every effort to understand this element in the nature of their children and encourage them to bring their friends into the home.

In this atmosphere they are more likely to retain their balance and common sense.

Like the Bull, which is the symbol of their sign, Taurian children must be held in check with firmness, but without any suggestion of being driven. Any restraint that is imposed must be applied cleverly and cunningly disguised.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Just a week of days for most, with May 12 and 13 mildly favorable. Routine work advised.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Work hard. Many can get ahead in prosperity and happiness just now, if they plan wisely and work diligently and confidently. Plan to utilize May 14 and 15 in starting some new venture, making changes, asking favors.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Not a time for deliberate and too-confident action just now, but ripe for ambitious and constructive planning in matters you want to set in motion in the near future. Concentrate on all outstanding matters and get them out of the way, to allow freedom later on. May 14 and 15 just fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Quite fair for many Capricornians, particularly on May 10 and 12. Don't demand the impossible, but be on the watch for modest opportunities and plan semi-important changes.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Continue to live cautiously. Your stars are still adverse and you can trip yourselves if you are unwary or rash. Let important matters stand over for a week or two when things will improve somewhat. Just now concentrate on keeping out of trouble. Difficulties, delays, arguments, and small annoyances may abound. May 10, 11, 16, and 17 adverse.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Don't waste a moment of May 14 and 15, for you should be able to improve your position and chances. Be confident, optimistic, wise, ask favors, seek promotion, make changes, decisions or removals. May 10 and 11 fair, too.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Unimportant days for most Librans, but as better times are just around the corner, make your plans now and thus be ready for action when the time comes. May 10 and 11 (afternoon) just fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): You can easily become your own worst enemy unless you are cautious, patient, and wise. Be on guard against losses, partings, opposition, disappointment, and discord. Avoid risks of all kinds, especially on May 10, 11, 16, and 17.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): Not a specially helpful time, yet you must get ready urgent matters started, and outstanding affairs completed. Things can prove difficult thereafter for a few weeks. Let very important matters wait over. May 12 and 13 just fair.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Don't sit "wishing" for luck. Go after it right now. The stars favor most of you and much can be accomplished. Seek promotion or other gains and improvements, make changes or journeys and decisions. Work hard and confidently on May 14 and 15. Next best, May 10 and 11.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Strive for cheerfulness, patience, and harmony. Be especially careful on May 10, 11, 16, and 17. Better times soon.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Get all outstanding or urgent matters under way for you must live quietly after next week. May 10, 11, 14, and 15 fair. Do not attempt really important projects now. Bright opportunities likely.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have been captured by bandits, at whose mountain lair they meet
SONNY WHITE: Who is a prisoner with her father,
DR. WHITE: Of the Orient Museum. A vicious attack is made on Mandrake by

LINDO: The bandit lion-killer, who hands over the magician's unconscious form to his chief. However, Lothar succeeds in releasing his master, and knocks out Lindo. On recovering the lion-killer returns to the attack, but is frightened away by Mandrake's magic. The prisoners then find themselves covered by rifles. NOW READ ON:



MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 . . . Now on sale at all newsagents . . . DON'T MISS IT!

Soothes Skin irritations



The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the **Chesebrough Manufacturing Company**.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, stimulating in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/34.

Nature study quiz on the air

Children will have lots of fun when 2GB begins a "Nature Study Jackpot Quiz" on Tuesday, May 13, at 5.45 p.m. It will be broadcast every Tuesday and Thursday at the same time.

THE idea is for country boys and girls to set questions in nature study for city boys and girls to answer.

The programme will be heard on stations throughout Australia, and in New South Wales 2GB will relay the broadcast to country stations.

The boys and girls listening to the country stations will be asked to submit questions suitable for use in the session, and they will be paid for, if used, at the rate of 2/6 per question.

Then boys and girls of 2GB's audience will be asked to send in their names, school, address, and age, and they will be called upon to attend the studio to act as contestants in the session.

Broadcasting fees will be paid the contestants, and to begin with they range from 2/- to 3/-. However, when they are unearned they will jackpot from session to session, building up in time to quite substantial sums.

This new children's feature represents a new trend in radio whereby it is hoped to make children's sessions as educational and informative as possible.

Here for example is a typical question with its answer and explanation:—

Question: There is an Australian insect that is fed on honey by its



MRS. 'OBBS' and her friend Mrs. Bottomley, two amusing characters in the comedy series, "Mrs. 'Obbs,'" now heard from 2GB Monday to Thursday at 7.30 p.m.

fellow so that it becomes a living storehouse. What is this insect?

Answer: The honey-ant.

Explanation: This type of Australian ant is confined to a prison cell by other ants and is fed by them until it is literally full of a kind of honey. He swallows so much of this honey that his abdomen swells to the size of a grape. Then as food gets scarce he releases the honey for his fellow ants to eat.

The children submitting the questions must not be older than 14, while the contestants must be over nine, but not older than 14.

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 40

WYN was worried. I could see he wanted to get me off in a corner, but his father said to come and look at his First Editions and I did. I guess that was the only time I ever really tormented Wyn, but I was sore, I hadn't wanted to come and he'd made me. I slid off up to bed and left Wyn staring after me as I went up the stairs.

That was enough and plenty. Molly had written asking if I wouldn't come out and see her. She and Pat Kenzie had a room together and could put me up on a day-bed. Pop seemed well enough, so I could leave him, and Uncle and Auntie had been urging me, too.

I needed a chance to think about things. The world the way it is now brings lovers so close together they cramp each other's style. I mean telephones, taxis, telegrams, florists' delivery anywhere, you're always in touch.

I had to make Wyn quit sending flowers to the house because I couldn't always pretend they were for the old man and I didn't want to start Pop thinking. He was in a kind of daze a good deal of the time, and it was better that way. Of course Myrtle knew something was going on, and I broke down and told her about it. You can't lie to colored people, they're just opened wide for everything that's really so.

"Honey," she said, "you ain't tellin' me no astonishment. When I see you comin' down in de mornin's lookin' so pleased I know it ain't just because we got scrapple for breakfast. Don't you let nobody cut corners on you, dere ain't nobody too good fer Kitty."

Wyn and I went over in Jersey one night, we had so much to say to each other and of course we didn't get it said. He suggested I should come and work at the bank, but I didn't like the idea.

There was another reason, perfectly cockeyed, for me to get out of town. Wyn had been running me ragged about how he wanted to take me to the Assembly as his partner. I don't know how he thought he was going to work it. Even if he took it right up to the Committee of Mesdames it would only make trouble, you just can't do that sort of thing to the Philadelphia Assembly, not even if you're Wyn Strafford, and it would just about crucify his mother who was one of the Mesdames herself.

I tried to explain all this to Wyn but he wouldn't listen to sense until I put it to him from my angle. I said, "You're really being selfish though you don't know it. You want to make a gesture of defiance and use me as the weapon." I guess most men would have been angry but he was sweet. "I never thought of that," was all he said. "Listen, you darling," I said, "the ballroom of the Bellevue wasn't planned for gestures of defiance. Nor you neither."

We settled all the magazine accounts and closed the office. Wyn had given me a bonus of 100dol. above salary and I didn't see why I shouldn't accept it. I knew he'd be miserable if I didn't. I used the

money to buy some clothes but Wyn thought my Chicago idea was lunacy. He thought it would be nice if I went to South Carolina for a little holiday, which gave me a laugh. I arranged about having Myrtle stay at Griscoon Street and got myself on a train without letting him know.

I wrote him a long letter as soon as I got settled in the car. I remember I was just choosing between Darling and Sweetest Boy in the World and deciding to use both when the train went through St. David's. Horrors! If there wasn't the old station wagon parked where he'd left her. Life does things like that to you. Why couldn't I park somewhere and wait till he knew?

I was going to mail my letter when the train stopped and was on my way out to give it to the porter when all of a sudden I realised it was Harrisburg. I opened it again and wrote some more. I wasn't going to have him get that letter with a Harrisburg postmark. Not Harrisburg, where our first little expedition together had turned out so miserably.

When I finished that letter to Wyn I had the M.P. all right, what we called the Mortal Pang. I hadn't told him hardly anything. Do men know about what turns over inside of you when a letter goes down the slot and you clank the slide to be sure it won't stick and gets a good start. I couldn't clank the porter but I gave him two bits and he said he'd mail it at Altoona.

That was the first time I ever wrote Wyn except Inter-office Memo. I learned a lot about letters in the office of "Philly" because when I addressed one to Parry I remembered Pop's talk about the high-toned Esq. and I wrote it Mr. Parrish Berwyn Esq. which Wyn said was wrong. If you're Esq. you can't be Mr. at the same time.

I think I was rather cute, I said suppose I'd ever write you a letter would it be Wynwood Strafford Esq. VI or Wynwood Strafford VI Esq.? He said at Old St. David's it was his father was really the Esq. and he himself was only Wynwood Strafford VI, but if writing to an office it was better to put Mr. because there you were just the honest tradesman.

It seems a man can't properly be Esq. away from his inherited private property. To put Esq. on a business letter is New York phony or the Nouveau Long Island touch, he said.

O.K., but suppose I'm writing to him at the bank, how about it? The bank is a regular safe deposit of private properties. Anybody but Wyn I'd say apple sauce, but I wanted him to think I knew what was right by instinct. I wrote it Wynwood Strafford VI just like he was King. I was worried after. I should have said personal on it, but if anyone else opened it they wouldn't need to go far to see it wasn't theirs. Sweetest Boy in the World is no way to ask for ninety day time.

Please turn to page 43



I took a chance and NEARLY LOST THE MAN I LOVE —

Read my story—it's a lesson to all

BUT, SIS, I HAVE SO MUCH TO DO NOWADAYS, THE HOUSE TAKES ALL MY TIME



BEING BUSY IS NO EXCUSE FOR BEING CARELESS, MY DEAR. I MEAN—YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO USE YOUR HUSBAND'S LOVE THROUGH NEGLECTING PERSONAL PAINTINESS...

SURELY, SIS, YOU'RE NOT HINTING AT 'B.O.'?



WELL, FRANKLY JOAN, YOU HAVE GROWN SLACK SINCE MARRIAGE. REMEMBER HOW YOU ALWAYS USED LIFEBOUY AT HOME?

SO THAT WAS WHY JACK HAS BEEN SO COOL? I WAS A FOOL TO CHANGE MY SOAP AND RISK OFFENDING



THIS IS JUST LIKE OLD TIMES DARLING. I'M SO PROUD OF YOU!

—THINKS LIFEBOUY NOW KEEPS US BOTH FRESH ALL DAY

LIFEBOUY is the only soap that really does prevent "B.O."

Don't wait for an embarrassing experience to teach YOU that no ordinary soap prevents "B.O." as Lifebuoy does! Only in Lifebuoy will you find the gentle health ingredient that rids pores completely of sticky perspiration. And Lifebuoy is so mild it agrees with the most sensitive skins. Try it—a big tablet for your money.

LIFEBOUY its clean fragrance vanishes ... its protection remains

A LEVER PRODUCT

2.404.19

HAPPY DAYS for BABY



Teething time has no anxieties for the Mother who keeps Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders always on hand. They do away with all the miseries of teething time—keep baby in fine fettle instead of fretting. They are cooling, comforting, and promote regular easy motions, and they are absolutely safe.

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

Write for a FREE SAMPLE to PHOSFERINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD. POST OFFICE BOX 34, NORTH SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

I SAT there and took it hard. I was going round a bend as tough as the Horse-shoes. Oh I suppose I was only a kid but everybody is as grown up as the feelings they have at the time they feel them. It was crazy to be on that train. What was I there for? The porter started making beds and shutting everything up in those green curtains; just the look of them always gives me the preliminary cramps. A couple of cunning little boys were being put to bed in an upper berth. I could see them scuffling up there in pyjama suits with feet. Everybody else had some good sensible reason for going somewhere but where am I going and why?

I'm walking out on the Philadelphia Assembly. I bet nobody else ever did that.

I'm running away from home, the only home I have. It won't last long now, the old man is cracking up. Mac has a home and Myrtle has a home and what has Kitty got? I'm running away from Myrtle and the kitchen stove with a broken lid and the ice-chest that won't latch tight and the little entry window and the smell of wistaria, and the bamboo table the photos fell off.

Even that con porter has a reason to be here. This car makes sense to him. He has a little home cupboard of linen and stuff. No wonder he can jolly those kids, he's doing a job and got someone like Myrtle to think about. Maybe not though, he's not black enough for Myrtle. Do they check up on shades of blackness before they get too fond of each other? Oh, I'll bet they do, I'll bet somebody has figured things out to make it tough for them.

Why haven't I got some place to stick to where we've lived for seven generations?

Kitty, you better behave, you'll have rings under your eyes, you'll have rings under your mind.

I'm not running away from anything but Darby Mill, Old St. David's 31.

I could get off the train at Altoona and still get back to Griscoom Street and cook Pop's breakfast. Sure I could, I looked it up in the timetable.

Kitty, you're crazy. Listen Kitty, all those people going places, looking so intentional and doing things on purpose, I bet every one of them has a soft spot in him somewhere, poor dubs.

Listen, sister, don't bear down too hard on that soft spot; you'll break through. Get yourself a sandwich and a glass of milk. Do something sensible, there's a swell kid. I love Wyn. I'm a woman, and I love him. Nothing can ever take that away.

All I asked was to be allowed to love someone.

Nothing can ever take that away. Porter, I'll go in the diner while you make up this berth.

We're past Horseshoe Curve, past Johnstown. Brush my teeth and comb my hair and take a whiff of the mountain air. If you can't sleep you can sit up in the berth and hunt where the light turns on. You can rearrange your clothes and count your money and buff your nails and listen to snores.

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 42

I guess I went to sleep through Ohio and Indiana. What would you lie awake for when you get outside Pennsylvania? I had wired Molly. I picked that train so's we could have breakfast together before she went to the store. She met me. I could see her waving at the top of the little slope that goes up from the tracks. She said, what would we do without trains to meet each other at. Just the same I didn't want to see that one again. And by the time we got set to eggs and bacon at Fred Harvey's we were happy as fools. I hate to admit it.

Molly's grand. You can't take it easy with a man, not even Wyn, the way you can with a girl. I guess you don't want to. You're always trailing your aerial out the window to pick up some music or other.

People must get bored stiff when they've got only sex to interest them in each other. Wyn and I would always have something to talk about, he's so simple and sweet I could spend my whole life educating him. The beauty of it, he wouldn't know when I was doing it, and I would always know when I was learning something from him. It's bad for a man to know how much he needs to learn. I guess every woman is a schoolmistress in her heart.

THAT kicks a goal for Mark Eben. We'd always have the hospital to think about, and the cripple children. But I couldn't ever give Mark what I gave Wyn. I told him that, but he's so sure of himself. He says, how do you know what you can give till you give it? He's quick.

Molly said once, it's good we're only thinking. But a woman hasn't got seven generations to find out what's beautiful.

Chicago's different from Philly. You don't worry about how many generations. Why the scalp wounds are scarcely healed. Out there anybody who even has a grandfather is a regular old-timer. I had to laugh at myself. I was almost ready to high hat the town because I came from a clapboard house in Frankford and a brass bed with a forty years trough in it.

Molly and Pat Kenzie had a room in a comical old dump near the Water Tower. It made me feel at home right away because they had a tin bath-tub like Griscoom Street. Both the girls were all hopped up about their new jobs, Pat was in lingerie and Molly in furniture.

I have to laugh when I think back about the things White Collar Girls talk about when they live together. When you're working on eighteen a week like those kids you don't go out evenings unless someone takes you. You sit home with what Pat called a Confederate Highball, that's lemon drink, and wash stockings and iron a slip and buy the evening paper in turns and set the alarm clock so there'll be time to walk to work in the morning.

Nowadays when things are differ-

ent with me, living by myself and I even take to curling up with a book, sometimes I run on some philosophy about women and behaviourism and so forth and I wonder where those writers get their ideas. I guess no woman ever bothered to put them wise.

Men are good about telling the world, but pretty often some woman whispered it to him first.

While the girls were at the store I tramped round the town. When I was with Molly and Pat I kept pretty quiet about my own problems. I didn't want Molly to get upset about my going off the deep end and I didn't know Pat well enough to come through with much inside stuff in front of her, though I never knew a redhead that wouldn't understand. Somehow I didn't want to let Uncle and Auntie know right away that I was in Chicago. I just wanted a few days out in the clear, no strings on me.

Chicago always makes me feel anything might happen. The trouble with history books is they don't know about things till afterwards.

Molly and I planned to go down to Manitou after the store closed on a Saturday and spend Sunday. I was going to meet her at the store and we'd do some shopping before catching the train. I remember what a happy day I had. I didn't think once, just enjoyed myself. I took a bus up to Edgewater Beach and wandered around, came back and had a bath in the tin tub and packed my bag. I was coming out of the house to go down town and there was Wyn.

Wyn, west of Paoli! Just the few days I'd been away I'd got used to the way men dress in Chicago, pressed very sharp and neat, and provincial snap-brim hats, and Wyn looked almost foreign. He'd gone from the train straight to Palmer's where he knew Molly worked and found out our address.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



Every day from
4.30 to
5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, May 7. — Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, May 8.—Tales from the Talkies.

FRIDAY, May 9.—"Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, May 10. — Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, May 11. — June Marsden — Astrology for the Business Folk — Gardening by the Stars. Special: Remarkable Prophecies: "The Writing on the Wall."

MONDAY, May 12.—With the A.L.F. Overseas.

TUESDAY, May 13. — June Marsden — Astrology for Women.

Poor darling. I was sorry for him, but I had to take that train. I wasn't going to let Molly down or disappoint Uncle and Auntie, or even Pattyshella.

"It's all fixed," he said. "I've arranged it with your friend Molly; she's a grand girl. I'll take you to tea somewhere and then take you to the station to meet her. I'm going there anyhow to get my bag. I'll take a room at an hotel and wait till you come back on Monday. You little fool I love you and I'm going to talk to you."

"Wyn," I said, "didn't you get my letter? I wrote you saying I wanted to think about things."

Please turn to page 44

STRAINED MUSCLES



IODEX GIVES QUICK RELIEF

You should promptly treat bruises and sprains the quickest and surest way with IODEx iodine ointment. The great penetrating powers of IODEx enable it to get right to the seat of the trouble, without blistering, hardening or cracking the skin. In all stubborn cases see your doctor!

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PAIN

that kept her in bed.

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It beats the band!

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MAY 13

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 43

It was a minute before he answered. "Yes, and what do you mean by mailing me a letter from Harrisburg?"

"Why, Wyn, that's just what I didn't do; I specially didn't. The porter said he'd mail it from Altoona."

"Well then maybe he handed it to a trainman and it didn't get post-marked until Harrisburg. Look here." He showed me the envelope. It was stamped R.P.O. Harrisburg. I guess that proves how it isn't much use to try to figure things out.

He must have been talking with the taxi because he had it figured out already where he'd take me for tea, and it was like him to discover the most Philadelphia kind of place in the whole city. It was a chop-house tucked away in a back alley that looked like a street in Philadelphia, there wasn't anyone there but ourselves that time of afternoon and they had English waiters wearing red coats, all ready to shoot some foxes.

"I was counting on getting some dancing with you to-night," he said. "Not to-night, Wyn. I've got to go to Manitou, I'd love to take you along but it would mean too much explaining."

"To-night was sort of special," he said.

"Why to-night?"

"Have you forgotten? It's the date of the Assembly."

"I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, so I guess I laughed."

The ride to Manitou always makes me feel good. There's something strong and decent about that dumb flat country. Also, if I'm riding with Molly, there's just about enough time for a good talk, and we had it all the way to Manitou, before the quiet spell that hits you near the end of a long journey. I only remember one thing she said, just after Wyn saw us off on the train. "Is that boy an American?" That hurt somehow, so I let it lie; I mean I put it back in my mind to think about later.

I guess Americans don't have to be all alike, do they?

THE visit with Uncle and Auntie wasn't quite what I expected. I guess I'd counted too much on it. There wasn't enough time, we had to go back to Chi. late Sunday so Molly'd be on time for the job; and it was snowing, and Auntie asked everybody in town to come for coffee Sunday afternoon and I found I was just being polite to people I loved. Lyddie and Fedor and all the rest of them were full of college doings, naturally, and I felt such a long way away from that.

Wyn called up about lunch time and said he'd changed his mind about Chicago. It was a swell town. We told him when we left that if he was lonely to call Pat Kenzie and sure enough he had. Pat junked her usual stable of Saturday nighters and he took her to Ches. Pierre. That's a swell night club I'd always wanted to go to and I guess I was a bit sore.

I was mixed up anyhow. Things in Manitou seemed sort of simple and straightforward and I was all tied up in knots. Pattysells was so feeble he made me think of Pop, he had the same look in his eyes, puzzled and a bit frightened. Uncle would pick him up and carry him in beside the kitchen stove at bedtime, and that made me homesick. I telegraphed Mac to see how things were, he wired back "Old man grouchy but okay. You better enjoy your holiday." That's the only poem Mac ever wrote and it was just a ten-word accident.

Molly and I got back to Chicago late Sunday night, and Wyn was there at the station. All of a sudden I was happy again. There are a lot of tough things happen, but there's nothing like meetings.

"How did you get clearance papers from Pat?" I asked, but he only grinned.

"She's gone to bed," he said. "She takes that job of hers seriously."

"So do I," said Molly. "You can take me home, Kitty, here's the latchkey."

Wyn had certainly learned his way round town in a day and a half, he had a taxi-driver called Potatoes who was a wiseacre. Potatoes took us to an all-night speakeasy that had a sign on the door "Agricultural and Machinery Service." Wyn's idea was that this sort of thing wouldn't do at all in Philly but it was all right when you were slumming.

"You learn your way around, don't you." It was on the tip of my tongue to say something, just kid-

ding, about Pat being a good tutor, but I held back. It's a bad mistake ever to give a man the idea you can be jealous.

Then Wyn surprised me the way he always could when he was really Wyn.

"I found my way to a jewellery store," he said, and pulled out a little box from his pocket. It was a funny little silver ring, a snake eating its own tail. He had made a bad guess, it didn't fit the third finger but it slid right onto the little one as though it was made for it, where it is this minute.

"That's the snake that bit us at Pocono," he said.

I wonder how many Philadelphia girls ever had a proposal of marriage in a Chicago speakeasy.

Next night we went down the long alley of the Congress Hotel to the Balloon Room. Even Delphine's Olympia can't mean to me what that old Congress flavor did.

Molly and Pat, the hardworking wenches, must have thought we were crazy. It's good to have been that way maybe once a lifetime. When they came back from work they found me getting fixed. Wyn came to the house that morning and said, "Get a move on, we've got to get our outfit." We hadn't either of us any wish clothes with us, and he'd set his heart on doing the Balloon Room in style. He said it was really the Philadelphia Assembly.

This hurt me inside but I wasn't going to take time to let anything hurt just then. He took me to Palmer's and bought me an entire outfit. Pat picked out the lingerie and he mannequined me around until we found a gold lame dress and I was never so dolled up in my life. I knew it was dishonest and unfair and all that but it was giving him such a kick. When I was all equipped he sent me back to Molly's in a taxi and got himself a ready-made evening suit. I bet it was the only time Wyn Stafford wore ready-mades and he looked almost too Ritz. He said he did a few somersaults over the bed to take the shine off.

Once in a while I think of those colored lights on the floor that ran around under our feet, and flocks of balloons that came from somewhere like shad roe. We were very dignified, sort of wondering if anyone admired the distinguished-looking couple. The head waiter did all right, and it was a profitable evening for him. I wonder what he thought when Wyn kept telling him that this was the Philadelphia Assembly.

I bet no Assembly was ever so perfect, because we had that wonderful

feeling of being alone in a crowd that doesn't know or care who you are except that you're happy. It's wonderful not to know who anybody is, and I guess Wyn hadn't had much experience of that. "It's like being a god," he said. He said things that were like colored balloons and floated right into my ear. "Mouth and ear ought to be close together, like those new French telephones."

When we'd do a spin and wonder if there really was a floor to that room ("What have you done to the Law of Gravity?" he said to the head waiter) he'd maybe steal a kiss and if I was worried he said, "The lip is quicker than the eye."

"I think getting away from Philly is good for you," I told him.

"Kitty," he said, "you look like something wrapped round the neck of a champagne bottle."

"I look like something wrapped round your neck."

"I got it fixed, we can have a glass of champagne up in my room."

We went up there, and sure enough from somewhere he'd got a champagne bucket. We drank each other's health, maybe a little too much for really good health, and then I saw the label on the bottle. Piper Helde-seck. It brought back the old man's song, "In came Piper Helde-seck and handed him a glass of wine." I cried and cried and Wyn couldn't understand. Oh, I'd been hoarding up that crying spell a long while.

"Wyn," I said, "I've got to go home. No, I mean Home, Grasmere Street. I want to see Pop and Myrtle and the Pope's telephone booth. I want to get back, I can't pretend myself into happiness. I guess I've got snakebite."

He saw I meant it and called the porter for a reservation. We didn't even go down to the Balloon Room again for a last dance, Wyn called the head waiter up to the room and settled the bill. He told him we were the King and Queen of Bulgaria and Al Capone was jealous of us, we had to leave. I wouldn't be surprised if he believed it, as much as a head waiter believes anything.

We parked our beautiful clothes at Molly's, in case of another Assembly, and went home on the train together. It seems as sad as a fairy tale. They're pretty sad if you read them again after you're grown up.

Mark Eisen said something I won't forget. He was talking about an operation he watched. "She won't need to worry about a scar. Of course in a man it doesn't matter, but for a young girl it's important. The surgeon took plenty of time to figure it out and put it right in one of the natural creases of her neck. It's lovely."

"Mark," I said, "that's just like me. I've got plenty of scars in my memory, but I hope they're in the natural creases."

To be continued

Of course I take a Laxative



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FOR MY LOVELY
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My laxative is

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Worth a Guinea a Box

The Homemaker

May 10, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

45

LILIUMS . . . plant them now

WHETHER they are grown in pots or tubs or set out in semi-shady spots in the open garden, this same dignified beauty prevails, and it has made lilies general favorites the world over.

Liliums flower from November to January and require a fairly long period of growth underground before their tender shoots show above the soil surface.

It is necessary, therefore, to plant them before the weather becomes too cold, in order to allow the bulbs to make strong root growth.

Choice of site is important, for nothing causes more failures than planting these succulent bulbs in open, sunny positions, utterly lacking in shade, where the direct rays of the sun will strike at the bulbs.

Maximum sunshine

AN ideal spot is between deciduous shrubs, such as roses, where they will receive maximum sunshine during winter, but will be protected during spring and summer months.

A hedge that breaks the sunshine during the fiercest period of the day is considered ideal, but they must not be planted too close or the nourishment they require will be taken by the hedge roots.

Well-drained soil of medium texture is required, for liliums do not like a lot of stiff work, and hard soil restricts bulb growth and root development. Where only heavy soil is available plenty of sand should be mixed in and dug over well before setting out the bulbs.

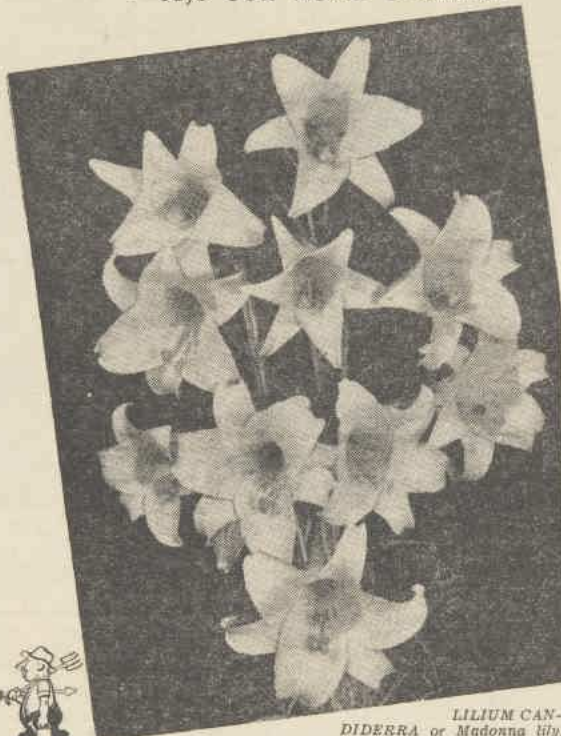
A good dressing of shell lime to the soil, if it is very heavy, will assist in making it more friable, but leaf mould, rotted peat moss, turf fibre, and decayed horse manure are also necessary.

In every case the gardener should bear in mind that the lighter the soil the more successful will be the results. It should be dug to a good depth, for lily roots are long and require sound anchorage.

When planting the bulbs take out the soil to at least double the depth of their diameter, that is, if the bulb is four inches across make

• Lilies have long been known as floral aristocrats, and certainly their stately splendor richly deserves such a name, for few other flowers add such dignified glory to the garden.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER



the hole eight inches deep. Then sprinkle some sand at the bottom and place the bulb on this.

Smaller bulbs need similar treatment, each one being planted according to its diameter.

LILIUM CANDIDUM or Madonna lily, one of the loveliest and most popular types of lilies, which bears several blooms on each long stem.

If wireworms are prevalent in the district the bulb should be covered all over with sand when planting, and good rich soil placed on top. Sand also deters nematodes and ground-inhabiting mites which frequently attack bulbs.

No manure should come into contact with the bulb unless it has been standing for at least two years and is thoroughly rotted. Unless this is done several serious diseases may be induced by fermentation.

Slugs and snails will attack the shoots as soon as they appear above the surface, and it will be necessary to protect them regularly by ringing round with lime or equal parts of lime and tobacco dust. Metaldes powder and bran (one tablet crushed to 1 lb. of bran) will kill slugs and snails.

Keep roots warm

WHEN the plants are well above the surface a good dressing of rotted leaves and decayed horse manure will act as a mulch, and in addition to keeping the roots warm during winter will help to feed them.

Small lily bulbs or offshoots may be sown now. They will not flower for two or three years, but their use greatly cheapens gardening, and they will grow into useful flowering bulbs with ordinary care.

Stem-rooting lilies such as speciosum, henryi, tigrinum, auratum, candidum, regale and pardalimum need to be planted a trifle deeper than others, for they often form their new bulbs immediately above the old growth.

Lilium auratum or golden-rayed lily of Japan is one of the very choicest of all varieties, and plump bulbs should be planted now. They do not last very many years in our climate, but if the offsets are saved each year and planted in tubs of good soil they can be perpetuated indefinitely.

Lilium regale is one of the best varieties, being beautiful as well as fragrant.



A COLORFUL VARIETY of lily useful not only for garden display, but for indoor decoration. The bulbs should be planted now.

It might have been serious..

"That sudden slip of the razor! Quite a nasty cut! Inconvenient—and dangerous, too, for who knows what germs lie in wait for such an open wound? The quick dab of 'Dettol', however, keeps you safe from infection."



'Dettol' is ideal, not only for cuts, scratches or any open wound, but also as an after-shaving lotion. It keeps the skin clean and germ-free, yet it is non-poisonous, clean and pleasant to smell, and can be applied straight from the bottle or in solution as you prefer.

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Every particle of this finely-ground full-flavoured coffee powder dissolves in boiling water or milk in the twink of an eye... so you get the whole delightful aroma and delicious taste of fresh oven-roasted coffee beans—without dregs or sediment in your cup. Make delicious coffee without a percolator or strainer **IN AN INSTANT**—at far less cost!... Ask your grocer for

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SOLUBLE
COFFEE & CHICORY POWDER
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● All prizewinners in our fascinating weekly best recipe competition—a contest open to all our readers. To compete just send us your favorite recipe—you may win a cash prize for it.

OUR best recipe competition is simplicity itself. All you have to do to enter is write out your recipe, attach name and address and send to this office.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received and 2/8 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

So get busy with pen and paper now and send us your pet recipe. Write on one side of the paper only.

SOMERSET MERINGUE PIE

Short-crust: 6oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. butter, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon water, squeeze lemon juice.

Filling: 1-3rd cup castor sugar, juice and rind 1 lemon, 1 cup milk, 1 cup cake crumbs, 1lb. cooking apples, pinch nutmeg, 2 eggs, pinch salt, 2 heaped tablespoons brown sugar (meringue).

Make short-crust. Rub butter into sifted flour, then add egg-yolk, water and lemon juice to make into a dry dough. Roll out pastry, line tart plate and rub in 1 teaspoon flour and sugar mixed. Peel, core and thinly slice apples into basin. Add nutmeg, rind and juice of lemon. Pack into lined tart plate. Beat egg-yolks, stir in milk, sugar, salt, and cake crumbs, and pour over apples. Bake in fairly hot oven about 25 minutes. When cooked beat egg-whites stiffly, add sugar gradually, and beat well. Pile on

top of pie and place back in oven to lightly brown.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Elva Pittaway, 52 Centennial Ave., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

PINEAPPLE, ORANGE AND BANANA JAM

One and a half pounds pineapple when peeled, 2lb. oranges, whole, 2lb. bananas when peeled, 8 pints water, 12lb. sugar.

Cut oranges finely; let stand overnight in 4 pints water. Next morning add 4 pints more water to oranges. Cut pineapple finely and slice bananas with stainless knife. Put whole on to boil and boil about 1 hour or until orange rind is soft. Then add sugar and boil 1 to 1½ hours or until mixture jells.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. J. Quilter, 9 Ilma Grove, Northcote, Vic.

FAMILY LOAF

Half pound shortening (butter or margarine), 1lb. currants or sultanas, 1lb. raisins, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, and (using a large cup) 1 cup sugar, 1 cup peanuts, 4 cups plain flour.

Sift flour, soda, and salt together. Mix fruit and nuts as well. Cream shortening and sugar together. Beat essence and eggs together and add gradually to creamed mixture. Add a cup of flour mixture, then beat in syrup. Add remainder of flour mixture. Bake in a paper-lined cake-tin (8 x 8 x 3) for two hours in a moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Linton, c/o School House, Tarzali, via Cairns, Qld.

GREEK COOKIES

One and three-quarter cups sifted flour, 2-3rd cup butter, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs well beaten, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons mixed peel chopped fine.

Sift flour, add baking powder, salt, spices and sifted flour. Cream butter. Add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs which have been well beaten, then flour gradually. Add raisins and peel. Drop from a teaspoon on to a greased dish. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Keep in an airtight tin.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Judith Brook, No. 5 Aston Flats, Stuart and Marshall Sts., Manly, N.S.W.

SUNSHINE PUDDING

One and a half cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup milk, 1 egg.

Cream butter and sugar; add egg



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and beat well; add raisins. Sift flour and salt and add alternately with milk, beating to smooth batter.

Pour into well-greased baking dish, then cover with caramel sauce made as follows:

One and a half cups brown sugar, 1½ cups boiling water. Boil to-

gether for 3 minutes, pour over

batter. Bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) 30 to 40 minutes.

The batter rises to the top and bakes a lovely golden brown. Serve warm in its own syrup, with or without cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss

Simpson, Quarry St., Brisbane.

All men in our Fighting Services

made Hon. members of
M.F.M. Club



Mr. Inner Man,
Minister of Inside
Information.

A gay scene was presented last night when Mr. Inner Man, Minister of Inside Information, was entertained at one of our largest mess-rooms and made all men of our Fighting Services members of the **MUSTARD FOR ME Club**, which, like the Women's D.S.F. Corps, is attached to the Minister's Department.



The mess-room was charmingly decorated in a colour-scheme of mustard and tomato, and music was supplied by the combined bands of Hambrose and Jack Stilton, who, at 8 p.m. precisely, struck up the popular tune, "Roll Out the Barrel."

This was the signal for the appearance of the Minister, who was introduced to his hosts, and after a sumptuous meal, spoke to them in his own inimitable style. At the conclusion, he said, "It is my privilege to inform you that it has been decided to elect every man in our fighting forces a Full Honorary member of the M.F.M. Club."



When the applause had subsided the Minister, after a word with his Secretary, rose and said, "My Secretary points out that the words 'Full Member' do NOT of course refer to the disagreeable feeling of fullness that follows a meal not properly digested—a feeling unknown to those of us who always take Mustard★ with our meals, and so enjoy both good meals and good digestion."



★ The reference, of course, is to

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PASTRIES . . . with various fillings

● Here are recipes for delicious pastries which will be in demand with the whole family. Accompanying directions for fillings provide for both sweet and savory dishes. Follow the recipes carefully and you are assured of success.

By

MARY FORBES

Cookery expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

salt, 2oz. grated sharp cheese, pinch of cayenne pepper, 1 or 2 tablespoons water, 1 egg-yolk.

Sift flour, salt, pepper and baking powder well. Rub in butter. Add cheese, then add water and egg-yolk. Knead lightly and use as required, either for baked pastry shells or small cases with savory fillings, egg-and-breadcrumbed and deep fried.

ORANGE RHUBARB TART

Four ounces short or biscuit pastry, 2 cups diced rhubarb, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 3 tablespoons water, 1 cup sugar.

Lightly cook rhubarb with water and sugar and flavor with orange rind and juice. Line a tart plate with pastry, trim and decorate edges and cover with lightly-cooked rhubarb and decorate top with latticed strips of pastry. Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes. Reduce to moderate temperature and cook for a further 10 minutes.

PINEAPPLE AND PASSIONFRUIT PIES

Twelve ounces biscuit or short pastry, 1 cup shredded pineapple, 1 doz. passionfruit, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 cup cold water or pineapple juice, 1 dessert-spoon lemon juice.

Blend cornflour in a little cold water. Add sugar, fruit, and juice and cook over hot water for 15 minutes. Roll pastry, line patty tins and cut rounds for tops. Place spoonful of fruit mixture in each, moisten edges and cover. Glaze with egg or milk and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.

VEAL NOODLE PIES

Three-quarter pound cooked veal, 1 cup cooked noodles, 1 cup white sauce, 1 cup cooked tomato pulp, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped onion, pepper and salt, 8oz. short pastry.

Roll pastry and line patty tins. Mix filling ingredients and place spoonfuls of mixture in each pastry case. Moisten edges and cover with pastry tops. Glaze with egg or milk and bake in a hot oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

PRAWN AND POTATO PIES

One and half dozen cheese pastry cases, 1½ cups picked prawns, 1½ cups creamed potatoes, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 tablespoon finely-grated cheese, lemon juice, paprika, parsley.

Chop prawns, leaving some for garnishing. Cover bottom of each cooked pastry case with prawns, adding a squeeze of lemon juice to each. Pipe potato through a rose pipe into each case. Sprinkle with finely-grated cheese and a dust of paprika. Reheat and brown lightly in oven or under griller. Top each with a prawn and garnish with parsley.

APRICOT AND WALNUT PIE

Four ounces short or biscuit pastry, 1½ cups dried apricots, 2oz. walnut chips, 1½ tablespoons arrowroot, 1 pint water, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Soak apricots in water, add sugar and heat gently only until plumped and tender. Line a tart plate with pastry, trim edges and prick well. Glaze and bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes or until crisp and brown. Arrange apricots in case. Add arrowroot to strained juice and bring to boil, stirring well. Add lemon juice and honey, and pour over apricots. Sprinkle walnut chips in centre.

SALMON SLICE

Eight ounces flaky pastry, 1 large tin salmon, 1 cup white sauce, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 dessert-spoon lemon juice, 1½ tablespoons capers, pinch nutmeg, pepper, and salt.

Line a tart plate with half flaky

CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE

Four ounces short pastry, 2oz. cooking chocolate, 2 cups milk, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 egg-yolks, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon butter, vanilla, 2 egg-whites, 4 tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Line a tart plate with pastry and bake. Add chocolate to milk and melt over boiling water. Whip well and blend with flour and sugar. Cook over boiling water until thickened, stirring well. Cool slightly and stir in egg-yolks, butter and vanilla. Pour into tart shell. Beat egg-whites and add sugar, whipping to a meringue. Pile lightly in a circle on filling. Brown meringue if liked.

APPLE SAUCE PIE

Refrigerator Pastry Crust: One cup crushed cornflakes or biscuit crumbs, 1-3rd cup melted butter, 1 cup sugar.

Filling: Three cups sweetened stewed apple pulp, 1½ teaspoons lemon juice, pinch powdered cloves, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 jar cream, and 1 tablespoon sugar.

Combine crumbs, butter and sugar and press and shape into a tart plate and chill in refrigerator. Soak gelatine in cold water for 5 minutes and stir into heated apple pulp. Cool and add lemon juice and cloves. Chill and then turn into piecrust. Whip cream, sweeten and heap on top of apple sauce filling.



TARTS and pies are universal favorites. Here are three brand new dishes to tempt the most capricious appetites. Recipes are given on this page.

THE pastry hand is born in many women, but it can be acquired also. Careful measuring, cold ingredients, quick, light handling, hot prepared ovens—these are the essentials for success.

It is also the way to success in family catering. The pastry itself can be varied by the addition of nuts or spices or grated cheese.

The pie or tart can be prepared with an endless variety of fillings, sweet and savory. Here are our tested recipes and each one of them will prove a favorite with the menfolk.

SHORT PASTRY

Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, 1 gill cold water, 4oz. clarified dripping or butter, 1 teaspoon sugar (for sweet pastries).

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in fat with finger-tips, lifting fingers well. Add water gradually, mixing lightly to a dry dough. Turn on to a lightly floured board and use as required. Keep as cold and handle as little as possible.

FLAKY PASTRY

Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 2oz. butter, 2oz. lard, 1 gill water.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder well, and rub in one-fourth of fat. Mix as for short pastry. Knead lightly on a lightly floured board and roll into an oblong sheet. Spread another fourth of fat on two-thirds of pastry, flour lightly and fold into three, having a fold of pastry between each layer of fat. Close edges with a rolling-pin and turn with folded edges to side. Roll into an oblong again and repeat, spreading fat, folding, and rolling twice. Fold and roll again without fat and then roll and use as required. Keep this pastry as cold as possible.

BISCUIT PASTRY

Six ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2oz. butter, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon water.

Cream butter and sugar well, add egg-yolk, sifted flour, and baking powder and water. Turn on to a lightly floured board and roll. Cook according to recipe. The egg-white may be used for glazing.

CHEESE PASTRY

Four ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2oz. butter, pinch of

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The Doctor Tells You What to do

PATIENT: Doctor, I am always tired and lately have had no energy to do half the things I ought to do. Often I seem hardly able to get through the day. I wonder if you would prescribe some "pick-me-up" to help me through?

DOCTOR: To be able to sail through each busy day without feeling worn out at the end of it is one of the happiest blessings that humans could possibly wish for themselves. But only a lucky few have such unbounded energy!

Most of us must either wake up to our limitations and learn to balance our income and outgo of energy or else drag along on depleted batteries, desperately searching for some quick means of shaking off "that tired feeling" — a chronic complaint of these modern times!

Few of us are brought to the brink of exhaustion by hard, muscular work. The seeker of so-called "pick-me-ups," which usually contain stimulating drugs, is more likely to be tired in spirit; his—or hers—is a nervous fatigue, usually caused by worry and nervous strain. It may be the result of excessive brainwork, but is more likely to arise

from conflicts and insecurities of an emotional nature.

In a small number of cases a chronic tired feeling is the symptom of some real disorder—infected teeth or tonsils, a thyroid that isn't working right, serious heart or kidney trouble or smouldering tuberculosis.

With war now playing havoc with our nerves the strain is abnormally great. Modern "total" warfare is very largely a "war on nerves." And it is most important that we should be able to combat "that tired feeling" sensibly and without recourse to dangerous drugs.

For one thing we must arrange our lives so that we have sufficient rest and sleep. One of the most telling results of the air raids over England is the disturbing effect they

have on the nation's sleep. No one can be expected to work well and long after a sleepless night.

Deep, peaceful slumber is a powerful ally and worth encouraging, especially in these troublous times.

Sleep is most likely to be achieved in a mood of relaxation. If you would cultivate repose, RELAX. Relax—body, mind and soul. Don't work up to the minute you go to bed; don't read a harassing novel or a sensation-loving magazine just before going to sleep. Forget the cares and anxieties of the day with some pleasant "bed-time" story. Per-

About that tired feeling



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But above all—relax! Let your tired nerves gather new strength for a new day.

So much then for building up your energy income. What about your expenditure of energy? Can it be reduced at all? Most of us find we can cut down our activities with no great loss to ourselves—or the community.

Think about it yourself—do you use your available energy to the best advantage? To put the position tersely one often finds the less one does, the more one does.

Every one of us must balance his energy budget according to his own needs and particular mode of life, just as all of us must balance our cash budgets to suit ourselves and our individual likes and dislikes.

The main thing is to avoid working on a continual health overdraft—in other words, that "always tired" feeling. The only hope of cure of that feeling lies in resting more, eating more nutritious foods and doing less.

To depend on drugs is to be like the ignorant farmer who signs a promissory note and says "Thank heaven that's paid."

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

THE MOTHER'S PART IN THE PRE-NATAL PERIOD

DURING the pre-natal period the prospective mother should be under the care of her doctor, and also when possible should attend a pre-natal clinic where she will receive instruction in the care of her health and her diet. Here, also, she will have practical demonstrations of special exercises for the pelvic muscles and lessons in the management and care of her coming babe.

It must be the mother's part not only to listen but to carry out faithfully the instructions given her to ensure a healthy, happy pregnancy and safe childbirth.

As many mothers in country districts live far from medical and nursing advice, a special leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

VIGOROUS teeth cleaning is an important part of the Quins' health routine, and as a result a recent dental examination showed no signs of decay or irregularities. Right after supper the evening toilet of bathing and toothbrushing is done, then there is an hour of gentle play, story-telling, or music before bedtime.

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How to care for YOUR HANDS

● So many people say "Hands are the first thing I notice in a stranger" that it is well to realise that they probably take second place to faces as a means of expression.

By JANETTE



BEFORE commencing a manicure soak your hands in a bowl of warm, soapy water and then scrub vigorously with a firm nailbrush. Ruth Hussey, from MGM, shows you how.

AFTER a day out of doors, June Travis, Warner starlet, massages her hands for ten minutes with a soothing cream and leaves it on all night. To protect the bedclothes she wears an old pair of gloves.

PARAMOUNT STAR Carole Lombard realises the importance of keeping her expressive hands faultlessly groomed. She regularly does special hand exercises, and spends an hour each week on a thorough manicure.

DON'T think you are doing right by your hands if you merely keep them well manicured. Hand grooming is one thing. The preservation of what we can only call the youth of your hands is something else again.

Hand exercise and hand massage are the two most important secrets of hand youth.

Fingers are kept flexible if the circulation of the blood is kept normal. Hands are red—or reddened easily in cold weather—if the circulation is below par.

Massage of the fingers at the base is excellent. So, especially

if the joints are thickening, is vigorous massage of the joints at the tip and middle of the finger. Shaking is simple as can be and wonderfully efficient.

Protect hands from coarsening, roughening and reddening by avoiding hard water and harsh cleansing agents, and be careful to wash and dry the hands properly. Use hand lotion or a quick-drying cream after you wash your hands, and always use a protective covering preparation or gloves for heavy work.

You should give your hands a thorough manicure at least once a week.

For the manicure you need a nailbrush, soap, flexible file or emery board (or both), curved scissors, orangewood stick, cotton, cuticle softener, hand cream or lotion, polish and (for liquid polish) a polish remover.

Manicure routine

FIRST wash the hands and remove any old liquid polish with polish remover. Shape nail tips with file or emery board. Soak the fingertips in warm soapy water for ten or fifteen minutes. Apply softener to base and sides of nails and press back cuticle with orangewood stick. With nail scissors clip any rough edges of cuticle and nails.

Rinse hands thoroughly. If liquid polish is to be used, clean nail surface of soap or oil with another application of polish remover.

Now for the finishing touches. Powder or paste polish rubbed on the nail and buffed (in one direction only) with a chamois buffer or palm of hand gives a moderate gloss. It also provides a smooth surface for liquid polish if you prefer a high gloss or a tint. Apply liquid polish with three quick lengthwise strokes of a small brush.

The shape of your hands does not matter nowadays. When grandma was a girl it was the thing to have small, shell-pink and obviously helpless hands. The hand that captures admiration to-day is the characterful hand, not necessarily small.



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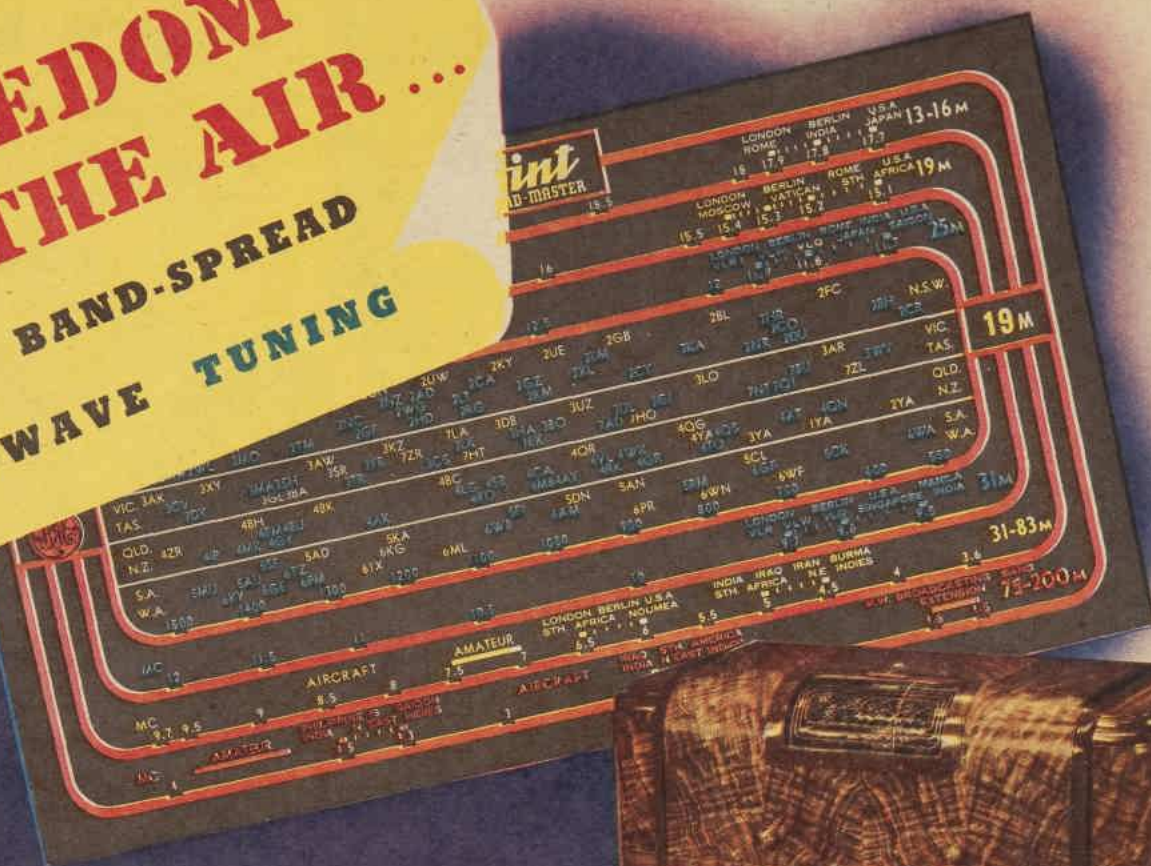
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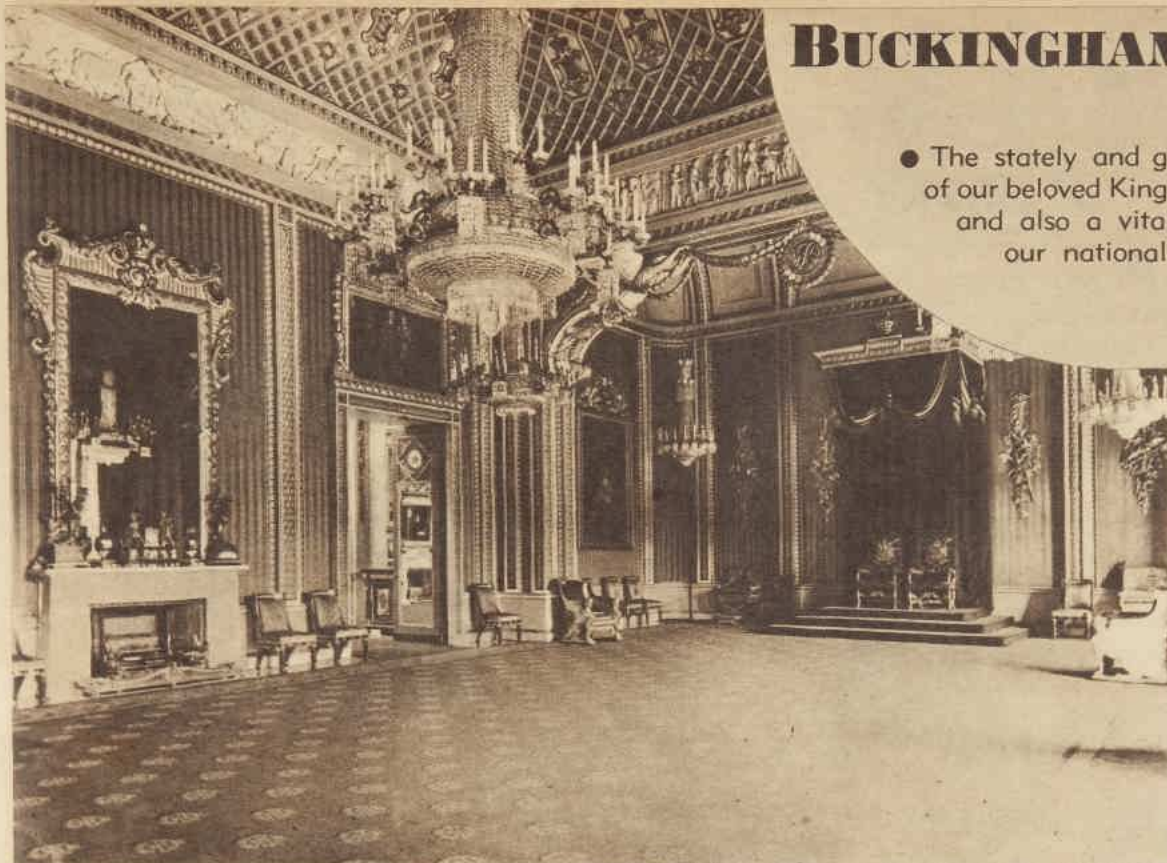
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THE KING AND QUEEN of England, together with Mr. Winston Churchill, Britain's Prime Minister, looking at the damage caused to Buckingham Palace by German bombs. The ruined building in the background was Their Majesties' private chapel. One member of the Palace staff was killed when this building was destroyed.

LAST Christmas men of goodwill in every part of the world were roused by the slow, clear, deliberate voice of King George of England making a speech in which he thanked his subjects for their steadfastness during the ordeal of bombardment from the air.

He interjected, "I am speaking from Buckingham Palace," and added, almost as an afterthought, "with its honorable scars."

Millions thrilled at these simple, significant words, for they told how the King's own home had been damaged by enemy bombs just as so many tens of thousands of humbler homes in all parts of the country had been attacked.

Buckingham Palace serves at once as the headquarters of the Court and the monarch's private residence.

For this reason the Palace is divided into two distinct parts. The private apartments are comparatively small, and are quite removed from the vast expanses of the State rooms. They have their own kitchens and service facilities.

When living privately at Buckingham Palace the Royal Family take their meals in a dining-room on the distant corner of the mansion on the first floor.

It is entered from a small ante-room and contains a round table which can be increased in size according to the number of guests.

Both the King and the Queen have their private drawing-rooms, and the King has a special study where he conducts routine business with his secretaries. This is a most practical room with simple, utilitarian furniture. The doors fit close in to the walls so that when they are closed they are almost invisible.

The rooms of the two Princesses are quite near, as is their one-time nursery. These have not been used since the war.

A word about the State apartments. These are of very considerable splendour and contrast with the drab frontage of the Palace.

They are approached by a huge staircase, and the walls in normal times are covered with magnificent tapestries and pictures.

The State dining-room is a big apartment overlooking the gardens. On great occasions the gold plate and Sevres service are used. From the lofty walls hang gigantic portraits of former kings and princes of the Royal House, mostly in Garter robes.

The Throne Room, where investitures are held, is on the same floor. Then there is the Great Ballroom, used for Courts and other special functions.

And one must not forget the lofty, cavern-like private chapel where the King and Queen worship every Sunday when they are in residence. A bomb fell on it the other day. The altar was thrown to the floor, but the beautiful tapestry above was untouched.

Like so many other places, the Palace now bears "honorable scars." But what of that? It has only gained in our national affection.

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